

Left behind

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Left behind

by [48je69](#)

Summary

"Della?"

"yes don?"

"Where is Louie?"

Louie is left behind in an adventure, now he must survive the dangers of the jungle while fighting with his own mind, will his family make it on time?

all chapters have been revised and corrected by the amazing Stella!

Notes

Hello everyone!

I had this idea in my head for a few days, this first chapter is, short, just the introduction of what is to come. I am based on the Darien jungle, but this is absolute fiction, so do not expect accurate details to the reality of the original tribes of the area, I am giving myself artistic freedom with that.

I will publish this story in Spanish and English
tags may change later

PD: thanks to everyone who read and commented on my previous story, you make me so happy
Enjoy it

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

introduction

Chapter 1: Introduction

It was a typical trip for the Duck family.

Della decided to take her sons on an adventure to Central America, in search of the treasure of an ancient tribe in the area.

It was said that centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards to the place, the locals had already found their way to the gold mines that the jungle offered, using it for numerous ceremonial articles. Despite their differences, the tribes of the area lived in harmony, working together to improve their lives without intervening in the customs of each other, unfortunately, that would change.

With the arrival of the conquerors, the tribes were in the great dilemma of how to respond. While some were curious about the new visitors and were willing to meet them, others distrusted strangers and were determined to get them away from their lands as soon as possible. The confrontations were many and the deaths more so, some fighting strategies were intelligent, others downright macabre, but none worse than the Nikugés.

Their name came from the dialect of another tribe, it meant "demons". The name was so popular that everyone forgot the real one because they really seem like demons. Fast and cunning like jaguars, attacking from the shadows and killing their victims without mercy, setting deadly traps from which it was impossible to escape, and using the most terrible poisons that the jungle had to offer, giving their victims slow and painful deaths. Their success was such that the conquerors left them alone, moving as far as possible from the area, trying to forget their existence and the horrors they had witnessed.

Such was their cruelty that not only the Spaniards moved away, the tribes with whom they previously lived as brothers also left them aside, frightened by the extremes to which the attacks had already reached. In their opinion, they were cowards that didn't face the enemy head-on, causing deaths from the shadows without allowing them to fight or defend themselves.

Offended and bereaved, the Nikugés decided to go deeper into the jungle, abandoning their temples and treasures on their own, and disappearing forever from the lives of the other inhabitants of the jungle and the world.

The empty temples were not touched by anyone. Neither the natives nor the settlers wanted to approach that cursed place where so much evil had been born. The treasures were left aside and no one thought of approaching it in hundreds of years, they were absorbed by the jungle and away from humanity forever.

That's it, except for the Duck family. Scrooge had wanted to make that expedition a long time ago, but the money bin and its board of directors had his hands tied for such a long trip. So when Della said she was looking for an adventure to go with the triplets alone, he proposed to go in search of the lost treasure of the Nikugé.

It was a standard journey for them, going deep into the jungle to find a time-forgotten treasure. They had to stray far from the touristy jungle trails, walking and sailing for days before finding their destination and the loot they sought. The treasure was great and wonderful, but terribly difficult to carry through the jungle, their journey back to the plane was three times longer than they thought, and by the time they arrived the children fell into their seats and succumbed to sleep.

Della was just as tired, the journey was difficult even to experienced adventurers like them. The jungle was a greater challenge than the moon, full of mysteries, wild animals, and poisonous plants, with danger lurking around every corner, protected by the thicket of the trees. Taking care of the children was an even greater psychological burden, no matter how skilled they were and how much she trusted them, she still worried, that was her job. So when they finally got to the plane she felt more dead than alive, but eager to get home, have a long relaxing bath and sleep for three days in a row. She started the plane and drove straight to Duckburg.

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More than ten hours of flight later, Della forgot about the relaxing bath. She would sleep, all week if needed. Surely her brother would bring her breakfast in bed if she makes him puppy eyes, so she wouldn't have to get up more than necessary.

With that in mind she exited the plane, yelling at the children to wake up and head out, they could unload the treasure later.

She went down the stairs slowly, the kids behind her still quite sleepy, and began to walk towards the manor. There she saw her brother running excitedly to them, surely impatient to see his boys after so many days.

"Hey Donnie", she said with little energy. Raising his arm in a half greeting, Donald returned the salute, until he saw his boys and frowned. He spoke slowly and deliberately to his sister, trying to stay calm and reach her sleepy brain.

"Della?"

"Yes, Don?"

"Where is Louie?"

Suddenly Della was wide awake.

how did it happen?

Chapter 2: How did it happen?

Louie was done.

When his mother said she wanted to “have a mother-sons day” he thought she meant going out for ice cream or something in that line, then when she said it was more of an adventure, he kept hoping it would be something simple or not so terrible at least, he never hoped... well, this.

The journey was ridiculously long. The road took them away from any remotely habited area, leading them deep into the jungle where the path was dense and complex, the long leaves of the trees and the dense foliage covered the sun, leaving areas completely dark. Only Huey's compass and his knowledge of survival had kept them on the route, or at less close to it.

The trip through the rivers was different. They could see the sky without a problem and the path was easy to follow, but there was a powerful feeling of vulnerability, they did not know what was in the depths of the water and they could not avoid the feeling of being observed from the distance, like a prey at the mercy of whatever lurked on the shore, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Louie spent the three days of travel just surviving, he did not know as much as Huey to guide or command and he did not have the stubborn endless energy of Della or Dewey. His plans, schemes, and sharp words were of no use against poisonous plants or to climb through the hills, so he stayed as far away as possible, following orders and not interfering too much, lost in his self-destructive thoughts and contributing with some sarcastic comment or some common sense, so they wouldn't forget that he was still there.

By the time they reached the treasure, Louie had almost no interest in it. He was scratched, hungry, bitten by mosquitoes, hot, and extremely tired. His feathers were sticky and wet and he was uncomfortable. Just thinking about doing all that travel again, now carrying the treasure, made him seriously think about just leaving it there.

But they had already gotten there and no one was going to listen to him anyway, so he helped carry what he could into the neatly folded bags and backpacks Huey had packed, and started his way back, dreaming of his bed and a pep.

The way back was as bad as he expected, with the treasure and a shortage of safe places to camp, the journey was extremely exhausting. The only good news was that they hardly encountered wild animals that wanted to eat them. Huey had warned everyone of the presence of jaguars, cougars, boars, foxes, and a host of dangerous predators, but, to Dewey's disappointment, none of them tried to haunt them. According to Huey, it was because they were a large group of unknown creatures, and predators prefer known or vulnerable prey, who walk alone through the jungle to guarantee their success without the need to fight.

So, the trip was totally exhausting and the mosquitoes almost ate them, but there were no serious injuries or escapes for their lives, as long as they were together, everything would be fine.

Until it wasn't.

Louie was walking a little behind the group, dragging his feet and resenting every gram of gold he carried, his only relief was that they were near enough the jeep they had taken. There, he would not have to walk anymore and the plane was only an hour away. Soon he would be home, being

spoiled by his uncle Donald and away from deadly insects and plants. He seriously thought about not leaving the sofa until the following month.

So focused was he on his thoughts, that he didn't notice how far he was staying, or that dragging his feet made it easier to get tangled up in things. One minute he was walking and the next he was hanging on the edge of a hole fighting not to fall to the sharpened stones below.

"Eh... guys?" he asked doubtfully. Panic starting to swirl in his stomach, he tried harder "guys! Huey! Dewey! Mom!... anyone? HELP!!!". Nobody came and it was increasingly difficult to hold on, he looked down and saw skeletons of people and snakes. There was a lot of dust and a terrible smell, probably centuries ago it had been a trap, prepared to kill whatever fell inside, but it had been abandoned and the snakes died. The vines that had grown around it thankfully allowed him to hold on, even if they had covered the trap in the first place.

Louie screamed again, asking for help from his family, but they never came and the truth is that he could not wait forever. He made an executive decision and released the treasure he was carrying, dropping weight and allowing him to hold on better.

With some effort, he managed to get out of the hole. Relieved, he sat up and caught his breath, evaluating the damage.

"Well, more scratches for my collection, Uncle Donald is going to freak out when he sees us. By the way, thanks for the help I didn't get" He looked up to see his brothers annoyed, but they weren't there.

"Haha very funny, let's scare Louie, come out guys" he started looking around him, but no, his family wasn't there. "Guys?" he started walking, he could see the tracks that were moving away, too fresh to be someone else's. "Mom?" He knew he was not that far from the Jeep anyway, so he kept going. The adrenaline from the fall gave him some energy, but now he was more cautious with the road, afraid of falling again. When finally, finally! He got to where the car was, his fatigue had returned with full force and he felt very annoyed. Furiously, he removed the last leaves that separated him from his destiny.

"Did you really decide to leave me behind and wait for me in the car? I was almost killed back there, I had to leave the treasure and there is no more site for scratches on my skin, what the hell were you thinking?" he yelled, eager to get in the jeep and finally rest.

But there was nothing there, only the footprints that indicated that they had left without him.

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"Della", Donald repeated slowly to make sure his sister understood. "Where's Louie?"

"Louie?" Della looked nervous and he didn't like that, then he saw Huey and Dewey look around them in panic and that frightened him. "He must be on the plane! Surely, he did not feel the landing and is still sleeping". Starting to panic she ran back to the plane looking for her son, the others following her closely. "Louie? LOUIE!?", Della sounded desperate, she searched for Louie all over the plane, even under the seats, as wishing the child was playing hide and seek. She finally fell in a crouch, clutching her head in her hands, and totally incredulous.

"Oh god". Donald heard the voice of his older nephew, looked at him, and saw the panic that reflected his own. With his eyes bathed in tears of guilt and disbelief, he said "we left Louie behind".

there is not time to lose

Chapter Notes

Okay, I am not very good at answering comments one by one, but thanks to all who commented, you made me very happy.

And don't worry, Louie will have his chance to give his family a bit of his mind.

Ah, by the way, in case you still didn't know, I don't speak English, not really, I'm Chilean, so please tell me when I make mistakes in translating, especially grammatical, if I'm wrong in Spanish, I don't want to imagine how it will be in English, so all critics are welcome
enjoy it!

Chapter 3: There is no time to lose

Donald couldn't believe it.

Well, he could believe it, that was the worst part.

His sister left her youngest son in the jungle. Her sister left HIS boy alone in the jungle and she only realized it when they got to the mansion, who knows how many hours later.

Donald wanted nothing more than to break something, whatever, hopefully everything he found. He wanted to yell at his sister for everything, he thought about her reckless attitude and lack of concern for things. He wanted to yell at her for all he had to live the ten years that she had been away. He wanted to yell at her for losing his child. He wanted to do many things, but the main thing was to have his boy in his arms again, and none of the above would be of use for that.

He took a deep breath, he could do this, he had been a captain in the navy after all.

First: assess the damage. There was a lost child alone in the jungle, at least ten hours away by plane, the closest pilot was on the verge of collapse, physically and mentally, and the plane needed maintenance. There were also his two remaining nephews, who were feeling scared, guilty, and exhausted, he could easily see the injuries from the trip. His anger rose again.

Ok, the second step: think of the best and worst scenario to make a plan. The best would be if Louie was waiting where the plane used to be or in the closest inhabited place, there they would only have to pick him up, the psychological damage they would treat later. The worst-case (the one he was willing to think about) was that, for one reason or another, Louie had wandered off the road and into the jungle, making necessary a search in the unfamiliar terrain.

The third step: prepare for the worst and assign tasks. If they had to go into the jungle, they would need food, water, flashlights, compasses, maps if possible, suitable clothing, and a way to communicate. If the terrain was too large, they would have to separate. They also needed to fuel the plane and see that it was fit to fly, they would need a pilot and responsible adults who could help.

Donald clasped his hands tightly, drawing the attention of Della and the kids. "Ok, we have to go get Louie and we will need help", he approached his nephews and put his hands on their shoulders,

trying to comfort them. "Guys, I know this is hard but I need your help. Huey I need you to call Fenton or Dr. Gearloose and ask them for some artifact to help us communicate in the jungle, or anything that can help and won't turn evil or be misunderstood or whatever. If he has something, bring it here immediately". Huey nodded, calmer now that he had something to do, he wiped away his tears and ran to make the call. "Dewey listen to me", the duckling was still in shock, but he nodded to his uncle "go to the mansion and tell what happened to Webby and Mrs. B, I need them to help you collect supplies and clothes for the trip, we don't know how long it will take us to find your brother, so we have to be ready". Donald smiled at his nephew with a calm that didn't have "everything will be fine Dewey", the duckling nodded and ran towards the mansion, which left Donald alone with his twin.

"Della, I need- ". he was interrupted by a broken sob from his sister, they didn't have time for this. "Della listen to me, I need you to prepare the plane for the trip, now"

"I can't believe it, Don. I left my child again, I left him alone and he could be dead", Donald shuddered. "My own son could be dead and it's my fault," she said quietly, hugging herself, Donald felt his anger going up again, he would need his therapist when this was all over.

"Della, I don't have time for this, help with what I asked or don't get in the way". His sister looked at him surprised, "I can't be soft now Della, Louie is in danger, we have to be ready as soon as possible. I'm going to call Scrooge". And with that, he left his sister alone on the plane.

OoOoo

Huey was disappointed in himself.

When his uncle noticed that Louie was not there, it was as if he had hit him in the stomach. They left his brother alone thousands of miles from their home, they abandoned him, they left him alone at the mercy of predators and hunger.

And the worst part is that he didn't even notice. He, the responsible older brother. He had always known that his place was to take care of his siblings and make sure they were safe and happy, and now he didn't even notice that his little brother was not by his side, where he was supposed to be.

Long ago he had told Louie that everything would be fine as long as they were together. It was his golden rule and he had broken it without realizing it.

He ran into the mansion, his cell phone had run out of battery (not that it was very useful in the jungle anyway), and he reached a phone in the house, took out his JWG to look up Fenton's number, and stopped. How was he going to explain to his friend what had happened? How was he going to admit to one of his heroes that he was such a disaster as a big brother? He suddenly felt nauseous, he couldn't do it.

He was about to go back to the plane when his uncle entered.

"What happened, Huey?" His uncle asked, and he could only look down in shame. He felt Donald approach and crouch next to him "Huey? Huey look at me" but he couldn't. He had failed not only his brother, but also his uncle, he couldn't see those disappointed eyes directed at him "Huey" his uncle slowly raised his head, his eyes were calm, maybe a bit tired, but showed no anger or disappointment "take a deep breath and tell me what happened". Huey did exactly that.

"Uncle Donald, How do I tell Fenton what happened? He's going to be disappointed in me" his uncle sighed and put his hand on his shoulder, looking into his eyes. "Huey I know it's difficult, but we all make mistakes. The important thing is to admit them, that allows us to fix and improve

them” Donald stroked his head, comforting him "being responsible does not mean having everything controlled and perfect, it's facing the consequences when we make mistakes and not letting difficulties prevent us from doing what we have to do" his uncle gently brought him close to his chest and he melted in his touch, releasing his tears "What happened is terrible, but you are still a child, it is not your fault". Huey sobbed, Donald squeezed him harder "the important thing now is to do everything possible to find your brother, you can apologize when we find him". Huey took a more determined breath and ran back to the phone, dialing Fenton's number.

"Hey Fenton, it's Huey"

"Oh hey Huey what's up?"

Huey sighed, it was still not easy to say “We have a problem. I, well, we went on an adventure with mom and well, hey, I don't know when it happened, or how, but we left Louie there”. Fenton gasp was heard across the line

"B-but how? When? How can I help?" Huey sighed.

“I don't know, I don't know how it happened, I still can't explain it to myself. But the important thing now is to find him and I need your help.” He takes a deep and continuous breath “We need something that allows us to communicate in case we have to get separated"

"I'll see what I can do"

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Webby was very happy.

She had missed the boys a lot. Of course she had spent a lot of time with the rest of her family and had visited Lena and Violet, but it was not the same. The boys were like her brothers and now it was strange to be where they weren't. She would have wanted to go, but she knew that it was important that the boys had time alone with their mother, they had lost her for 10 years, it was only fair to give them space from time to time.

She was working on her scrapbook when she heard the plane. She jumped excitedly and wanted to go right away to say hello, but she was covered in glitter and glue. The guys were going to get mad if she infused them with glitter too, so she showered as quick as she could and changed her clothes, then ran through the mansion, meeting her grandmother downstairs.

"Hi granny" She greeted happily, being received with a smile.

"Webby, darling, I have told you many times not to run on the stairs" her grandmother scolded her affectionately, Webby just smiled "I was about to go look for you to go greet the boys, I thought you had not heard them arrive".

“I did, but I had a battle with glitter and some glue and they won the first round, so I had to change my clothes. But it doesn't matter, LET'S GO! " she started to run excitedly when the door opened, and a very distressed Dewey appeared. She stopped in her tracks, startled "Dewey, what happened?"

Dewey was fiddling with his hands, fidgeting, that wasn't a good sign. "We have a problem, we left Louie behind." Webby felt her heart stop, then she giggled nervously.

"Ha ha very funny Dewey, don't joke about those things" she started, but Dewey looked at her and she felt her tears begin to form. She looked at her angry grandmother "granny, tell him not to joke

with those things" she just looked at her with pity and put a hand on her shoulder "Dewey that's not possible" How could they leave him behind? She felt hurt and she wasn't sure why, it wasn't her who had been left alone in a dangerous jungle, but she felt that way, Dewey just kept nervously moving, her grandmother intervened.

"Dewey tell us what happened" the duckling took a deep breath.

"I don't know" Dewey began to freak out "I have no idea! I didn't even notice he was missing until we got here!" then he started sobbing, Webby's chest tightened "I don't know what happened, but we have to go for him, we have to find my brother! And I need your help, Uncle Donald said we have to gather supplies, he said it may take us a while to find him and we have to be ready".

"Of course honey. Webby, go get some boxes, we have to be quick" Webby was still confused. Confused and absolutely sad, she still didn't know why exactly, or why she was so upset with Dewey if she still didn't know all the details. Deep down she knew that regardless of what had happened, Dewey hadn't wanted to leave Louie.

But that was the agent voice of her grandmother, the one that had taught her to obey orders and carry out complex missions, the one that told her how bad the situation was and the need to act quickly and efficiently, so she wiped away her tears and ran out to do what they asked her to, not once looking at Dewey.

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Scrooge was exhausted.

He hated his stupid meetings with his board of directors, hated their eagerness to make him give up his adventures and his expensive and risky lifestyle.

But they did not understand, they did not know how rewarding it was to go on adventures, take the risk and get out of the impossible alive, they did not see the importance of challenging everything and coming victorious.

And doing it with his family was better since the triplets entered his life and gave him back his thirst for adventure. He felt more alive, happier, and with energy that he didn't have since Della had disappeared.

Of course, his board of directors did not care. He only had to listen to them, pretending to pay attention while he planned the next adventure. He knew that Della and the children would be back soon and they could all go out together, maybe if he played his cards well he would even convince Donald to join. His nephew was stubborn, but he could be too, and he knew Donald well enough to know what buttons to push.

He smiled, yes, he could convince Donald, and that way he would also have an expert sailor. He had wanted to go to some distant islands for a long time, but most of the sailors refused to approach its waters because they were very dangerous, but his nephew could do it. No problem.

With that in mind, he waited impatiently for his board of directors to shut up so that he could leave. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. That surprised him, no one used to interrupt a meeting like this. Then he saw his secretary enter shyly.

"Miss Chien, what does this interruption mean?" growled Bradford, Scrooge could see the poor girl shudder.

"I am very sorry sir, but there is a man on the phone, he is not understood much but he made it

clear to me that he needs to speak to Mr. McDuck immediately" Bradford growled again "I know they all say the same thing, but he said it's his nephew and, and that if Mr. McDuck could not talk to him, he told me to let you know that he was going to knock down his mansion" there Scrooge got up, he assumed it was Donald on the phone when the girl said that he spoke strangely, but if it was him, it wasn't normal that he was being so aggressive with a girl he didn't know. It wasn't normal for him to call him either, so he went to answer the phone, ignoring Bradford's complaints.

"Hello?"

"Scrooge. Della, Huey and Dewey came back, but they forgot Louie there" he felt his breath escape. He tried to speak, but Donald wouldn't let him "I don't know what happened but we have to go get him, the boys are looking for equipment and supplies, I need you to come home now and bring Launchpad with you, Della has not rested for a long time and we need a pilot." And with that he hung up, leaving him with the words in his mouth.

He stood still trying to process the information, something that hadn't happened to him since the spear of Selene, and went over the facts in his head. Donald called him at his office. Donald said Della and the kids were back. No, delete that, he said Della, Huey and Dewey were back, a duckling was missing.

And that was Louie, the little, cunning, and calm Louie was alone who knows where and who knows in what conditions. All of that because he incited Della to embark on a dangerous adventure without thinking about the children she had to take care of, again.

He had lost a member of his family again in a dangerous and unknown place. If something happened to the little one it would be his fault and he could not bear it, not again.

In addition to the unfathomable pain of losing Louie, he knew that Donald would never forgive him. He would take the children again and he would be alone again. Probably Beakley would take Webby too, to take her away from danger and he would lose everything again.

No, he was not going to allow it. He was not going to lose another member of his family without a fight. He would go step by step through every inch of the jungle if necessary! He was going to find the lad even if it cost him his life, he is Scrooge McDuck! And nothing was going to stop him.

"Miss Chein!" He yelled at his secretary, who jumped in her place "call Launchpad and tell him to wait for me at the door of the bin, right now." Then he went back into the meeting room. Where Bradford looked at him angrily as always "I'm going on a trip and don't know when I'll be back" and with that he turned around, ignoring the shouts of protest from his partners and went down to where Launchpad was waiting for him. He quickly got into the limo.

"Hey mister McD, you left early today"

"We have a problem Launchpad" he watched his driver get serious for once "we are going to the jungle"

The way to the mansion was quiet and fast. When they arrived, Donald and Beakley were gathered around the plane, ordering bags and boxes, they were prepared to leave. Donald approached him.

"We are almost ready to go" he saw his nephew take a deep breath, something told him that the lad had done a lot today "the children are getting ready to leave, we already have all the equipment, we just need the plane to be ready, I hope Launchpad can take care of that "

"He's already on it" he felt sorry for his nephew but had to ask "Donald, what happened?" his

nephew ran his hands over his head, with the movement dropping feathers, it seemed that this was going to kill him "I have no idea, I don't want to pressure the children to tell me, they are already distressed enough, but Della doesn't help, you know? You try it, I give up. I'll see how the boys are." He and Beakley looked at each other and she pointed to a far side of the garden where Della was sitting.

"Della, lass What-"

"I have no idea Scrooge" he looked at her annoyed, but she did not let him speak. "I have been reviewing the last hours of travel in my head and I can not see at what point we lost him." She ran her hands over her head and he could only think about how they were going to have two bald ducks at home "I don't know when I lost my own son, anything could have happened to him and I didn't realize it"

"What did you do before taking the plane back?" they were going to have to reconstruct what happened step by step, Della sighed.

"We got up early in the morning. I don't know the time exactly, but it was starting to dawn, we ate some cereal bars and began walking towards the jeep that we rented. It took us about 8 hours to get there, then I drove a little over an hour until the plane and we left right away.

"Okay girl, go back, what happened in those 8 hours on the way? Did they rest somewhere, stop to eat, something?" Della sighed again, exasperated.

"No, none of that. I wanted to go home soon, the boys seemed to be keeping up with me well"

"Lass..."

"Yeah, I know what you're going to say! I should have stopped to rest. I should have made sure the boys ate and got enough rest. God, I should have at least checked that they were all three in their chairs before starting the damn engine and leaving one of my babies alone and scared in an unknown jungle thousands of miles from home!" she sobbed "I am a disaster Scrooge. Donald always warned me of my absolute lack of limits and I never listened to him, and it was not enough for me to lose myself 10 years in space, no, I had to drag my children along and lose one of them too" she cried hysterically. Scrooge was hurt, but before he could comfort her he heard Launchpad announce that the plane was ready.

"Come on lass" he helped her to get up carefully, wiping her tears "we will talk later, now we will find our boy".

Della followed him to the plane slowly, preparing for the horrible journey that awaited them."

them. "

they left me

Chapter Notes

thank you very much to all!

I have received more comments than I expected and they really make me happy

I hope you enjoy the chapter!

warnings: panic attack

Chapter 4: They left me

Louie couldn't believe it.

Well he could believe it, that was the worst part.

His family had left him, left him behind, alone.

But they were coming back for him, right? They couldn't ignore his absence for long, right? Surely they had already noticed it and turned to pick him up... right? Or maybe Huey and Dewey fell asleep in the car and his mother was concentrating on driving, so they wouldn't notice it until they got to the plane, but then they would realize that he was missing and would run back for him! Yes, that's it. He did not have to worry, they would come back for him, they were not far away.

Or could they not notice it? What if they really didn't perceive that he was lost and he was left alone in that jungle for days? He couldn't survive that long. He didn't have anything with him, everything was in the backpack with the treasure he had just thrown away. In his hoodie he only had a mini flashlight, a dagger, and half of a cereal bar. That wouldn't do much to predators and hunger.

He started crying, terrified. It has been several minutes and no one was coming back. What if they left him behind on purpose? It was something very possible, so that his brothers would no longer have to deal with their useless little brother. Dewey would stop being the middle brother and his mother would be left with only two perfect children. She wouldn't have to worry about the evil son who didn't love her yet.

Yes, that made a lot of sense. Even if they hadn't left him on purpose, they could use the opportunity. They could say that there was an accident, anything to justify that he had not made it. They could even say that it was a wild animal that ate him and so they couldn't even come to look for the remains.

Oh no, Louie realized looking around in panic. He was alone now, he was ridiculously easy prey for any predator. His white feathers, though heavily spotted, were an easy target in the green of the jungle, and besides, he was full of scratches, a predator could smell the blood and the fear of a wounded prey left to its fate, they were going to kill him.

He cried louder, hugging himself. This reminded him of once, years ago, when he was lost at the shopping center. A guard found him crying and took him aside, where they called his uncle through the loudspeakers. The guard kept telling him that his Uncle was going to show up soon,

but he wouldn't stop crying, convinced that he would never see his family again.

The fear was similar to that time of being alone, but the situation was very different. On that occasion his uncle came running just after a few minutes, drowning him in a desperate hug, begging him for forgiveness, then his brothers hugged him too and took him from both hands to not lose him again. Then his uncle took them to buy ice cream and he assured the three of them that they should not be afraid, that he would always look for them, he would not let them get away from him. His brothers joined in that promise, they said they would always be together so nothing bad would happen to him.

At that time he believed his family and felt safe. He knew that his uncle would always find him, no matter how difficult it was, and that his brothers would always be by his side. Now he didn't feel so sure.

The triplets have been apart since they arrived at the manor. Before, they did everything together. Just the three of them. Now each one has his own interests and since they met more people, his brothers are no longer obliged to be with him. His uncle is no longer the only one in charge of them and he is thousands of kilometers away, something that five years before was absolutely impossible.

He felt like it was hard to breathe. He would never see his Uncle Donald again, or Scrooge, or Webby, or anyone else. No more fights with his brothers, no hot fudge and pancakes, no family adventures. He would never get a fucking hug again.

Fear began to consume him, there was no way he would survive here, and what would he do it for? He didn't want to live in a stupid jungle alone for the rest of his life. He had no Tarzan vocation, he didn't want to have it, he didn't want to live knowing that his family was better without him.

The pain in his chest increased, the air was missing and his heart was pounding in his ears. He was very afraid, maybe he would not have to wait for a wild animal, maybe he would die of a heart attack.

He tried to breathe, he really tried, but he felt that he couldn't. He felt his vision blur and his body tremble, god his chest hurt, he felt a pang in his heart and taking a deep breath made it worse, but shallow breathing only increased the tremors and he was starting to get dizzy. He tried to remember what his uncle or Huey had told him to do, it was difficult, but he remembered something about focusing on the environment.

Ok, he could do that. If he looked around he could see trees, very tall trees with green leaves and thin trunks. He also saw mud and he could feel it on his feet and smell the clean air. He could also hear many things, even though his desperate heartbeat, could also hear the noise of the wind and a nearby river and the song of many little birds returning to their nests, it was already sunset.

It took him a while to begin to calm down. He had to think with a clear head, panic was not helping him. He had to be rational, as much as he did not deserve it, his family had told him that they loved him. Maybe he wouldn't have a good relationship with Della but even if she decided to leave without him and Dewey wouldn't question it, Huey wouldn't let him, and even if he did, his Uncle Donald would come for him, even if they told him he was dead, he would want to see it for himself.

The truth is that deep inside, he knew that his family would not abandon him. That they loved him very much, as much as he loved them, but he did not know why it was so difficult to believe it. He didn't know why his mind kept telling him that he was alone because he deserved it, that his family didn't love him. He wanted to tell that part of him to shut up, that he didn't need those kinds

of thoughts and that his family had never really made him doubt his love, but God, he couldn't stop thinking about it.

And now, alone in the silence of the jungle, it was even more difficult to ignore his mind and his pessimistic thoughts. Maybe if there was a little more noise or movement in the jungle he could think of something else.

Wait, no noise.

A few seconds ago there was a lot of noise and movement around him, and now it was as if everything had stopped. Something was wrong.

Louie began to slowly walk away from the path and towards the river, maybe if he crossed it, the eyes of the predator (that he now felt on his back), would leave him alone.

He began to walk faster and faster, feeling a new fear running through him. He didn't want to die like that, he didn't want the only thing his family found to be his remains, he did not want to die without a fight.

He started to see the river when he felt the sudden movement behind him. He jumped to the side, taking only a scratch, and finally being able to see his attacker.

It was an adult jaguar, with big and cunning green eyes. His fur gleamed despite the darkness that was beginning to consume them. In another situation, Louie would have marveled at the beauty of it.

But now he was dinner so he didn't have time for that. Normally an adult would have to stay still and try to look bigger, making noise and throwing objects to scare the jaguar. But he was too small and that wouldn't work. Running wasn't the best option either, he could only advance a few meters before the jaguar caught him.

But maybe a few meters were all he needed.

So he risked everything and slowly crouched down. Without losing eye contact with the animal a few meters from him, he picked up some small rocks, and then with all his strength, he threw them at the jaguar and began to run as fast as he could towards the river.

The stones only gave him little more than a second, but it was all he needed. Without stopping to think, he threw himself into the river, letting the strong current carry him away from the hungry predator, going deep into the jungle.

0o0o0o0

Dewey hated silence almost as much as being still.

Never has a family trip been like this. There were always conversations and laughter, even fights, but there was always something.

Now the only thing was the deafening silence and so much tension in the air that he could cut it with a knife. He hated it.

He was a man of action, he needed to act, that's what he was good at. When Huey studied to be prepared and Louie analyzed from the shadows, he jumped into action. That's why he hated silence, it forced him to think and thinking hurt.

It hurt because it allowed him to analyze the situation and realize how terrible it was, it made him accept that his little brother might be dead.

They had left him alone in an extremely dangerous place, they had forgotten him. Louie would never forgive him and he shouldn't, Dewey doubted that he could ever forgive himself.

Louie was his younger brother, his partner, a third of himself. It was assumed that the three of them would always be together. It's true that with the arrival of his mother they fought more often, but he continued to love him the same as before, and he had promised to protect him always.

He had failed and although he did not like to think about it, he was not a fool, he knew the dangers that were in the jungle and the vast possibility that his brother was dead. But he could not give up, he had to try to get him back.

Because Louie, unlike him, was intelligent, cunning, observant and knew how to adapt. He could survive, he knew that Louie could, he just had to hold on until they came for him.

And the more time passed he could only pray that Louie would continue to hold on and pray to every god he had had the honor of meeting to protect his brother and allow them to arrive on time.

tomorrow we start to act

Chapter Notes

Hello! sorry for the delay, I started classes and everything got a bit complicated, but here is the chapter, this is somewhat slow, in the next we jump into action.
by the way, I saw the end of ducktales and I can only say that I'm in shock and I don't know what to do with my life
Thank you very much to all who are reading this story and commenting on it, they make me very happy
enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 5: Tomorrow we start to act

Donald had to keep calm.

The flight in the Sunchaser would be long, it was not a jet or anything like that and it had seen better times, speed was not its strong suit.

He made a mental note to tell Scrooge to restore it when they got home or to buy a new one, a faster and less damaged one.

Maybe he could convince him to give a plane to Dewey when he turned 18, after all, he did it with Della.

Della. Donald didn't even want to see her, this was her fault. Louie was lost because of her irresponsibility and incompetence, but he was going to need her. If they had to separate and search in groups, Della would have to be awake and alert, he couldn't risk her getting hurt too.

So after starting the flight, he approached her with a glass of water and food, he also offered her some sleeping pills. Della didn't want them, but he insisted.

"I can't sleep while my son is lost"

"Because he is lost is why you need to sleep. I need you to be alert when we start looking" She didn't protest anymore and soon after fell asleep, the trip had taken all her energy.

She was asleep now, looking defeated. The children were sitting in silence, Webby was leaning on Scrooge who was staring at the window, everyone was sad and tense.

The only one who was active was Beakley, who decided to order the provisions by person. They could not travel with much weight, but everyone should have food, water and a way to communicate at least.

After a few hours, Donald decided it was time to start acting, so he approached the boys with the medicine to heal their wounds, maybe he could collect information in the process.

"Hey kids" they hardly recognized him. It hurt him to see the pain and defeat in the usually happy eyes of his nephews. He approached Dewey first, he knew that he was the most prone to injuries

and began to treat them. "Huey, can you tell me about the jungle we're going to? I need to know what we're up against"

Huey took his JWG out of his hat with trembling hands, Donald assumed that it was more out of habit than out of necessity "it is a jungle of more than 575,000 hectares, most of it uninhabited and unexplored. Its vegetation is very dense and there are many very dangerous species, influencing jaguars, crocodiles, poisonous snakes, boas constrictors and mosquitoes" the boy seemed again on the verge of tears and made his uncle's throat close, he wanted nothing more than hug his nephew and tell him that it was not necessary to continue, but he needed to know as much as possible "tell me more Huey, are there tribes, rivers, any routes? Where did you go?" Wow, Dewey had more injuries than he thought, and he was just noticing the tight, knee-high boots the kids were wearing, hopefully Beakley packed them for everyone.

Huey sighed "The vegetation is so dense that this is the only point where the highway that connects the entire American continent is interrupted. There are many rivers, a couple navigable, some rapids. It's a place with a lot of rain, which makes the terrain unstable and the weather heavy, it's very hot all the time. The local tribes usually live on the banks of the turquoise river, but we went to another sector, there is a hill where it is said that most of the tribes were born and later distributed through the jungle."

Huey scanned his guide a bit more, searching for the map he had drawn.

"Near the highway, there are a couple of towns, there is a lot of traffic of migrants and armed groups, but we hardly saw them. We left the plane where the hill ends to the south and we moved as far as we could towards the hill by car. From there we walked about three days to the south-east where we found the Nikugé temples, who apparently took refuge much further west, in the most unknown areas of the jungle" Huey closed his book and sank into his seat, Donald finished with Dewey and moving to Huey, the duckling didn't have as many injuries as his brother, but they still needed to be treated, just like the bites on his bare arms.

"Dewey, do you remember when was the last time you saw your brother?" the duckling shook his head "come on Dew, try to remember" Dewey concentrated as hard as possible.

"I don't know Uncle Donald, by the last day of the trip we were already very tired. The three days to go to the temple became longer with the treasure and tiredness" Dewey curled up more in his chair, defeated "I remember that night we slept at the edge of the hill, it was not long before we reached the car, but it seemed eternal"

"I remember that that night we almost forgot to spread the repellent for snakes and mosquitoes, we didn't even light a fire" added Huey "and in the morning we had a hard time picking up the repellent balls because we put them in without any order and we couldn't find them"

"We ate some hard-cereal bars and drank some water. I remember Louie joking that if a predator came we could throw one of those bars at him like a stone and kill him, or use them as a hammer" Dewey choked on a sob "I don't remember talking to him afterward."

"Did you walk all day without a break to the car?" Donald asked quietly, he did not want to scare his nephews by screaming, that was for his sister when all this was over.

"Yes. Mom said we could get to the car that same day and the truth is that neither of us wanted to spend another night in the jungle. I remember that at some point, hours before reaching the car, Louie got entangled with a vine and fell to the ground, I helped him up and we continued. I think that was the last time I saw him" Dewey looked at his uncle indecisively, as if he wanted to ask him something, but he did not dare, Donald noticed it but did not want to press him.

"Guys, we will find Louie" he said so confidently that even in their fear the children believed him "we are ducks, we don't back down" he smiled at his boys and pulled them into a hug "I love you kids, don't forget it" He kissed their heads and help them settle into their seats, covering them with a blanket "try to rest, you will need energy when we land"

Donald went to his seat thinking about the information he got from the boys and grabbed a map that Gyro gave him. It was a simple piece of paper and there weren't too many details, but it would do.

Surely they could rule out the areas to the north of where they would leave the plane, there would be two large terrains, one to the east and one west. Even in two groups it was impossible for them to cover everything. If Louie did not appear they would have to call for help quickly.

He had to think about how they were going to separate. It was important that the groups were efficient, everyone in his family was great adventurers, but each one had something different to contribute, that could be the difference between life or death for any of them.

It was probably not a good idea for him to go with Della. In general, they were a great team, but now they were fighting, that would be a disaster. It would not be good for her to go with Scrooge either, the old man had been very quiet and calm, but it could be the calm before the storm, it was better that he also stayed away from Della.

On the other hand, Beakley could go with her. He knew that the ex-agent could give her sister some common sense and lead an expedition as difficult as that, she was also strong and resistant, she was the best to guide a team.

And Della was not useless, not at all. The fact that he was furious at her did not mean that he had forgotten what a good adventurer his sister was. She knows how to survive and is resilient, with Beakley guiding she could be a great help to find Louie.

He and Scrooge understood each other in their own special way. They had gone on adventures for years and knew how to orient themselves. They would lack some of Beakley's strength, but that's what Launchpad was for.

Then it would be Della and Beakley; and Donald, Scrooge and Launchpad. The kids would be very useful too, but he would let them decide who they wanted to go with, the last thing he wanted was for the kids to have a bad time.

Each would have to carry a compass, a watch, one of Gyro's satellite phones, food, water, a first aid kit, and suitable clothing - everything Beakley was preparing.

He wishes none of that was necessary. He wishes Louie was safe and close to an inhabited place, waiting to contact them to return home. He wishes his duckling was fine and safe.

But Donald knew better, he had been on numerous adventures. He had been a hero, a secret agent, a marine and had the worst luck in history. He knew it was better to be prepared for the worst, that had allowed him to survive.

0o0o0o

The water was dragging him away.

The current of the river was strong and its waters murky. The darkness was not helping, Louie knew that he had to get out of the river soon and find a refuge, but he was not managing to hold on to anything to be able to get out.

It took him a few minutes until he saw a branch strong enough to withstand his weight. He got ready and grabbed it to get out. It was hard for him, the current was strong and he could hardly see, but he finally succeeded.

He came out of the water, soaked and totally terrified. Now not only he didn't know where the hell he was, but he was also more uncomfortable than before and he could see absolutely nothing in the total darkness of the jungle, the mist that hung over him even covered the moon.

"Ok this is bad" he checked his pockets, looking for the flashlight. He didn't know how he didn't lose anything in the water, the little flashlight flashes and lights up, but it doesn't do much to illuminate his surroundings "if I get out of this, I'm going to demand Scrooge to buy something that lights up more than a damn firefly" he started to move his flashlight to study his surroundings, he could see thin and tall trees, many plants, weeds and mud, he could not find a good place to sleep.

"Tomorrow I can make a shelter or something, but now I will sleep wherever." The long day was killing him, the adrenaline was the only thing that had kept him on his feet, but now he was wet, hungry and tired "I wish Huey hadn't been so protective with the repellants"

Due to a large number of snakes, his brother took a repellent in pellets on the trip, that together with the smoke from the fire, kept the snakes away from their camp during the nights. But Huey had been very protective of that, saying that they could not risk to forget little balls out there and then damage the environment, Louie sometimes hated how responsible his brother was.

"I can't light a fire either" it was all wet around him and he didn't have a match or lighter. "I could climb a tree" they had few branches and they weren't 100% snake-proof, but it was better than being on the ground. He started to climb the tree, not without rolling a couple of times on his way up.

"I don't know why- why the hell Dewey finds this funny" he said with effort, he was so tired. "Oh phooey. I've been alone for less than a day and I'm already talking to myself, I'm going- I'm going to have to get a coconut or something and draw a face on it, maybe put cat ears or something" "Louie finally reaches the highest branch that could still support his weight. "Yes, a coconut with a face and cat ears called fluffy, that will work" he twisted his hood and snuggled tightly into it, dreaming of being a cat, and feeling cuddled in the comfort of his home.

Chapter End Notes

remember, reviews are love

we are finally here

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! How are you?

Thank you very much to all who have commented and read this story! they are the best <3

I'm very sorry for the delay, I started classes this week, but I bring you a long chapter
I hope you like it, I will read you in the comments

Chapter 6: We are finally here

The sun was already high in the sky when Louie started to wake up.

He began to open his eyes with fatigue. When he noticed the great amount of light that there already was, he was startled awake.

He had slept all night and part of the morning. He had really been exhausted and needed to rest, but now he had few hours of light left and he had to come up with a plan and find some food.

He looked through his pockets finding that he had the same as before, a dagger that he had used to cut the plants when they couldn't get around, a mini flashlight that probably didn't have much more battery left, and half a cereal bar.

He squeezed it tightly, that was the only food he had. The moment he ate it he would be left with nothing, it was his last trick to survive, eating it should be only in the most desperate moment or when he is safe in his home.

He kept everything in his hoodie and looked around. In the dark he hadn't paid much attention to his surroundings, but now he saw that he was above a small glade. There was not much space on the ground, but it was something, as opposed to most of the jungle. That would allow him to sit down and make a fire or something.

Food would be another problem. The jungle was full of plants, but eating an unfamiliar one could be lethal. He also had no way of fishing and he preferred not to have to hunt. His best option was probably to approach the river, many plants grew on the banks and there were some that Huey said could be eaten. They had tried them a few days ago, it wasn't a big deal, but they didn't taste bad, and according to his brother, they were packed with nutrients, which might as well keep him alive.

He also needed a shelter. There were many branches and vines that he could use to build it, along with the sticky sap of some trees, but he had to think about it. A shelter would be very useful to protect himself, especially from snakes, but if he built it anchored to the ground, he couldn't move from that place and he would have to assume that someday someone would pass by and find him, which was highly unlikely.

So it was better something that he could take with him, but the weight would make him go slower. It was also better if he did not travel at dawn or dusk, the moments where the sky goes from dark to light and vice versa are when the big cats go to hunt, he already escaped from one, so he didn't want to push his luck. That would make his journey much slower.

So, he would eat plants from the rivers, and make a shelter that he could transport on his way to...

To...

Oh phooey.

He had no idea how deep he was in the jungle, or where the nearest town was, he could walk weeks before bumping into someone.

He should probably go east or west. The jungle was very wide from north to south, but not so much on the sides, it was surrounded by two oceans so surely there were many ports and towns on the coasts, it was the best way to find help.

He looked at the sun, his only point of reference. It seemed that the river had dragged him west, so he would move in that direction without losing sight of the river, and try to reach an inhabited place, there he could contact his family, he just had to resist.

He would have to go down fast and work efficiently, he didn't have many hours of sun left and probably rain would start again at some point, that happened all the time.

He climbed quickly but carefully down the tree and went cautiously to the river, there he found those water lettuces Huey had introduced them to (they probably had a better name than that, but he didn't care) and ate some. His stomach begged him to eat more, but he wanted to be sure it didn't hurt him, the last thing he needed was to end up poisoned.

Then he went to gather branches for his shelter and the campfire. Once the fire was lit he could work more calmly. Of course, lighting the fire would be a challenge on its own, he had no matches and most of the wood was wet. Huey always carried something to light on fire, now he had nothing, he would have to improvise.

He chose a flat place without weeds and gathered all the wood he picked up, then he took a stick of something similar to bamboo to make friction with a trunk. He used all his strength, but nothing happened "come on, come on, stupid branch" he had to try for several minutes, but finally managed to start a small fire, which quickly fanned, then he fell tiredly at its side.

"If it weren't for the damn snakes, I'd stay here until someone found me." The idea was tempting, but he knew it was very impractical, so he got up and started working with the branches for his shelter. It would probably be enough to make a kind of blanket out of the sticks and some leaves, which He could fold around and nail to the ground.

He spent the next few hours working on sharpening the tips of the sticks. The fire gave him more heat inside the sauna that was the jungle, but the animals would not approach him, it also helped him dry his clothes, which were still wet from his fall into the river, if he didn't dry them out, he would get sick.

He took off his hoodie for a while and hung it near the fire, trying to get it as waterless as possible, but he was afraid to take off his boots. They had been very useful to protect himself from snakes and insects, but now they felt uncomfortable on his feet.

Surely, after all those days walking through the jungle, he had gained many injuries, his feet felt swollen and sore, but he did not dare to take off his boots. His feet were probably horrible and he was not going to be able to put them back on, it was better to avoid that and keep the boots on for now.

When he finally finished working in his shelter, the sun began to set. He didn't feel out of energy

yet, so he went to the river to look for more lettuce and then stayed in his shelter.

To anyone, it looked like a cone of logs stuck in the ground. It didn't leave him room to move and he would have to sleep sitting up, but it was enough for him. He worked a lot so there were no holes through which snakes or large bugs and a predator could enter. He probably wouldn't look at it twice, it wasn't comfortable but it was safe, more than he could ask for in the middle of a dangerous jungle, so he wasn't going to complain.

The problem was that he had to get in there very early and not come out until dawn, and he had slept a lot so he was not tired. He ate the leaves and then he sat quietly, waiting for sleep to catch him.

"Oh boy. If this continues like this, I'm gonna go crazy in a few days"

0o0o0o

The landing was strangely smooth.

Launchpad seemed very serious and quiet in his own way. It seemed like he had run out of ideas on how to try to cheer up the kids, so he fell uncomfortably silent and landed as best he could. Apparently, he assumed that crashing the plane would only make them all more upset.

Scrooge thanked him silently, he didn't even want to imagine how on the verge of collapse the twins were. Della had been sleeping most of the trip, but when she woke up she seemed more distressed and sad than he had ever seen her, and Donald was very serious and quiet, very different from his usually explosive and affable personality. The billionaire was afraid that anything could end the calm attitudes of his nephews and start a war. between them or towards anything that stood in their way.

He looked at the girl who rested next to him, Webby had been quiet and still the whole trip. It hurt him to see her like that, she was like a ray of sunlight, carrying energy and joy wherever she went, now she seemed to be off, angry and hurt. He would have loved to comfort her, but he didn't know how, there was no way to smooth the situation.

When they got off the plane it was already daylight, the second dawn that Louie passed alone. They ran into a small town full of birds of different colors and with different degrees of health, all of them looked injured or tired. There were some that he assumed were the natives of the place, who went everywhere healing wounds or distributing some food. The situation was unfortunate, there were so many migrants who risked their lives to find a better place and they still had a long way to go. Scrooge made a mental note to send them some help when they found Louie.

The townspeople didn't look at them much, some seemed to remember the plane and looked puzzled, but they didn't come close. Scrooge assumed they had worse problems than a rickety plane arriving back in town.

"Come on, let's find someone who can help us" he heard Donald say and started walking with him in front, and his family behind them "Scrooge, can you talk to them?" His nephew spoke to him in a low voice, but he felt as if he had been beaten. Donald never avoided speaking, over the years he had learned that if someone did not understand him it was their problem, not his, but the situation was delicate and it seemed that the duck didn't want any unnecessary trouble, so the older one just nodded.

They searched until they found a local who was not busy attending to someone. He was a big bird with brown feathers, who seemed to be giving orders to the others. They approached humbly,

Donald signaled to Beakley to stay behind with the kids and Launchpad.

Scrooge cleared his throat and took off his hat, he wasn't going here to do business, he was asking for help. "Good morning sir, my name is Scrooge McDuck, I'm here for-"

The bird didn't let him continue "I am not interested in what you came here for Mr. McDuck, I know your kind, we are not going to sell our land for a man like you to destroy, know that most of these lands are protected by the state and you won't touch the rest." Scrooge stepped back a bit, he should have expected that.

"No no no, sir, I do not come for your lands or your plants or anything like that, I swear" the man raised an eyebrow, skeptical, he let him continue this time. "A few days ago my niece came with her children to explore the jungle, but in an oversight, a child was left behind and we came to look for him".

The other man looked guilty. "I'm sorry Mr. McDuck, you must understand me, over the years many have come only for the economic potential of the place and have wanted to throw us out of here to destroy everything, my name is Käne, I am the leader of this town".

"About the child, I am very sorry about what happened, really, but I don't think there is anything we can do for him, many cross the jungle all year round and, as you will see, the trip always takes its toll, many didn't make it, a little boy alone could not survive." He said with pity, Scrooge felt anger run through his veins, who was this useless to say that his nephew could not survive? The boy was intelligent and sharper than the sharpies, he had survived countless adventures, he could survive now.

But that man didn't know his family, he didn't have to. It wasn't worth shouting at him, as it seemed that the twins wanted to do "I know the odds sir, but we have to try, nothing is going to stop us" he said determined, Mr. Käne sighed.

"You can ask some of the migrants who have just crossed, maybe someone saw something, and I can give you a more complete map, unfortunately that is all I can offer you, here we are collapsed, we cannot go with you to help".

"We will appreciate it very much, I would also like to leave one of our satellite phones in case the child appears" the leader felt pity, but silently agreed, he had seen many travelers arrive devastated after having lost someone in the jungle. He knew the boy was dead, but he didn't get anything out of arguing with his family. They would have to convince themselves, taking away their hope was something he didn't dare to do.

The family spent an hour touring the little place, wondering if someone had seen Louie. Scrooge was almost relieved that everyone denied it, if someone had seen the child, the only reason he was not there was because he was dead and he didn't want to think about it.

The problem was the damn face of pity that everyone directed at them, as if they were a group of crazy people who could not face the truth, if someone else gave him their condolences, he was going to lose it.

"Ok, this is not working" He heard Donald say. His nephew seemed as annoyed as himself felt "Della, boys, why don't you guide us the way you were coming?" they nodded and began to walk. The journey was slow, in an awkward silence all the way, even the jungle was silent.

They followed the path that the children had traveled in the jeep, but this time they were on foot. It was much longer, but none of them wanted to miss any detail. Unfortunately, the further they went, the more difficult it was to see, the plants began to slowly swallow them.

It took them almost four hours to get to the point where they had left the jeep, and they didn't see anything that would give them a clue of the kid. If at one point there was a footprint or something, the constant rain had already washed it away.

Donald suggested that they continue advancing, maybe they could determine when the boy separated from the group by retracing his steps. Della muttered something about not being looking for clues, but he decided to ignore her, when Donald was in that authoritarian mode it was better to listen to him.

They had walked for just over an hour when they saw a hole between the vegetation and the vines that covered the ground in front of them. Scrooge had never been so afraid of approaching a trap in his life, he looked at his family and everyone was still, everyone felt the same fear as him, Louie could be there and then everything would be over, no one wanted to check.

Finally, Donald stepped forward, walking decisively, although Scrooge thought he saw a slight tremor in his nephew, he couldn't blame him.

Everyone held their breath as Donald approached the trap, Scrooge even saw Huey grab Dewey tightly, all of them waiting impatiently.

At last, his nephew peered into the hole "he's not here, but his backpack is." Scrooge could have cried when he heard him say that, there was still hope.

"Wait, his backpack!?" Huey ran towards the trap, the gears moving in his head, he tried to peek into the hole, but his uncle grabbed him by the waist "watch out boy, we don't know how unstable the ground can be, Webby, do you have your hook gun?" the girl nodded and handed it to him. It took a couple of tries, but finally he managed to catch the backpack "this feels like a rock. What the hell does it have inside?"

Huey seemed heartbroken "everything, the compass, water, food, coat, a lighter, a part of the treasure, and his phone. Louie would never leave his phone abandoned, even without battery!" Donald took the boy by the shoulders, trying to calm him "take it easy Huey, he probably had to let go of it to get up" the boy didn't seem calmer, but Scrooge couldn't blame him, they all looked more dejected than before.

And with good reason, the boy was now not just alone in the jungle, he was without any supplies to help him. No fire, no food, not even a compass, despite him being alive, he would not last long, he could starve or get lost in the jungle, the situation was much more critical than before.

"Ok, we have to look for Louie. It's better if we separate into groups" Donald spoke firmly, taking out the map that Mr. Käne had given them. It was not very different from the ones they had before, but it had some dangerous areas marked and many more small rivers drawn "We will divide into two groups. Della you will go with Mrs B to the west, Scrooge, you and Launchpad will go with me to the east."

It seemed Donald had thought a lot about the plan. All the adults nodded, but Scrooge didn't understand, why would Donald want to go with him? This was his fault again, maybe he wanted to yell at him in private or something, but they would still be with the kids, or maybe he wanted to keep an eye on him so he wouldn't harm anyone else. Yes, that made more sense.

"You kids can choose which group each one wants to go with, just promise me that you will be careful and don't get separated from the group" the children nodded and went to the side to talk, while Donald told the rest everything Huey had told him about the place where they were and how they should move, Scrooge could only think of how proud he was of him.

Maybe, with his nephew in charge and the help of his family, they could find Louie and take him home.

And if they alone weren't enough, they could always call for help.

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Dewey didn't want to have to decide who to go with, he didn't want to have to choose.

Generally, he would go with his mother. She let him do things much more crazy than his Uncle Donald without freaking out or anything.

He loved being with her, but also with Donald, in different ways of course. Being with his mother was exciting and crazy, always with opportunities to do cool things. With his uncle it was different, it was calmer and he felt much more secure and warm, although sometimes it overwhelmed him.

Usually, it wouldn't matter to him, it was the same with whom he went, he was going to have the same fun, but now it was different. It was a very delicate situation, not only Louie was lost, but the adults were very upset with each other (and probably with him and Huey as well).

The tension on the plane and the zero interaction between his mother and his uncle made him nervous. He felt as if instead of choosing a search group, he was choosing a side in the war, and he didn't want that.

He didn't want his family to be separated, much less if it was his fault, because he was like Della. The more he knew her, the more he could tell, and as much as he admired her mother, he was afraid of being too much like her. He thought that one day, without realizing it, he could go too far and be left alone and lost, while his family fell apart.

Maybe going with Della would be a mistake, because together they could enhance their reckless attitudes and get into trouble, but going with Donald could be worse.

His uncle might notice how much he resembles his mother and qualify him as dangerous for such an important mission, or for any adventure. His uncle's love for him could end up locking him in the mansion forever.

Ok ok, maybe he was exaggerating. Overthinking wasn't his thing (he wasn't good at it), it was Huey's, maybe it would be better to let him choose, his older brother wouldn't fail.

"Dewey you go with mom, I'll go with Uncle Donald" his older brother looked nervous, almost guilty, he just nodded "Webby, who do you want to go with?" Webby looked at him angry, he didn't blame her "Donald"

"Okay then" Huey led them to the adults and explained the arrangement, no one said anything.

It was time to separate.

Donald hugged Dewey tightly as if he never wanted to give him away. "Promise me you'll be careful".

"I promise Uncle Donald, you take care too" he didn't want to let go his uncle, it felt so permanent, but he had no choice, as soon as he did that Huey wrapped him in another hug.

"We are going to find our brother" they parted a little, looking into each other's eyes. That was all there was to say, there was no doubt, one way or another they were going to find Louie "be wise"

he nodded to his older brother and went to his mother, who smiled softly, he could not return it.

"OK, we will check in every 8 hours, starting at midnight, if someone finds a clue, should report it immediately. Be careful" they all nodded and were getting ready to leave when Donald approached Beakley "Mrs B, can you ...?"

She interrupted him "Of course, I'll do it. You...?"

"With my life" that was all. With a last glance between them, each group left in different directions.
ction.

Enduring

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone!

It's been a while, sorry for the delay, it's been a busy few weeks, but here's the new chapter

I totally love you for commenting, you encourage me to keep writing

Also, from now on all the chapters are reviewed by Stella! She is very sweet and she is working to make this story easier and more comfortable to read.

I hope you enjoy!

Chapter 7: Enduring

Louie didn't think the nights would be the hardest.

The days were exhausting but simple: get up, pick up the shelter, try to move forward, stop every so often to eat, and nothing more. In general the days were monotonous, but they kept him alert and busy, always looking for possible dangers and trying not to get lost. The sun was a luxury that was not always at hand, because the trees and dense foliage blocked the light and the path was dense and complex, it was very easy to lose the way.

In addition, his progress was very slow. He could only walk safely a few hours a day, the plants blocked his way and the sporadic rain wet everything, causing him to constantly stumble, and his little shelter did not make things easier, but it kept his nights calm. So far, no predator had approached him, and it protected him from the rain, to tell the truth it had been very useful.

Except that it made his nights too quiet.

The day kept him so busy surviving that he hardly thought of anything else, but at night, safe in his little refuge, he could only think of everything.

He thought about the most basic facts, like the pain in his body, especially his tired legs and the general discomfort that anticipated a cold, the heat and humidity had kept him in an uncomfortable state, he felt bad, tired and a little dizzy, his poor nutrition and little hydration were also taking their toll, he could not resist much like that.

That was easy to ignore, because no matter how uncomfortable he was, he was also so damn tired. The days, although short, were totally exhausting and when the adrenaline passed, he could only think about sleeping.

The problem was that being alone in his shelter also led him to wonder if his family was looking for him or not.

He had already been in the jungle for a few days, he didn't know exactly how many, probably three or four, (yet his tired mind told him there were more) but he still hadn't heard anything from his family.

He knew that the jungle was huge and that the river had taken him away from any path where he was supposed to be, but days had passed and he still hadn't heard anything, not a helicopter or a whistle or anything.

A part of him told him that that was the most normal thing. His family would have problems locating him in a place this big and dense, probably the aerial view would not be of much use because of the trees, and looking for him on foot would be slow and ineffective, almost impossible.

But the impossible was the day to day of his family.

So he would just have to be patient, keep moving forward and surviving until he reached a populated place or someone found him, he just had to stay strong.

That if they were looking for him.

Louie hated that part of himself, the one that told him that maybe no one had found him because no one was looking for him in the first place.

Those thoughts filled him with utter terror, making his chest feel tight and making him want to break out of his stupid shelter to see if being outside made breathing easier.

Because if his family wasn't looking for him, he didn't know what he would do, they were the only reason for him to try to get out of that damn jungle, but if they weren't interested, if they didn't want him back, nothing would be worth it.

His mind played with him during the nights. First it gave him an image of his family finding him, with everyone happy and excited and filling him with hugs and kisses and he, without giving more of himself for relief and happiness, let himself be wrapped in the pampering, happy and never thinking of letting go of them again.

But then, when his chest felt full and calm, his mind would suddenly drop the picture, showing him his family in the mansion, all calm and happy until he appeared at the door, there they all ignored him or looked at him with annoyance asking him: Why did you have to come back? We were all better off without you.

That destroyed him, left him trembling with fear, he would rather die in that jungle before confirming that his family didn't want him.

So that's the way he spent his nights, exhausted and wounded, wrapped in a mess of thoughts that played with his deepest fears and hopes, allowing him only to sleep for moments, leaving him even more exhausted than before, with no more desire to continue.

But he had to keep going. He had to try, it was in his blood, his great-uncle made his fortune out of nothing, only with hard work, his mother was stranded on the moon for ten years, his uncle had raised triplets by himself while he also had the worst luck in the world. In his family giving up was not an option, so he would persist and keep fighting.

Because there might be no one waiting for him at home, he could die at any moment alone in the jungle, but no one could say that he didn't try, he wouldn't taint his family name.

It was the least he could do for them.

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Donald was tired.

The first day was really exhausting. After parting with his group he started walking towards the east, there were not many landmarks and the foliage did not allow them to advance much, but they kept moving, slowly but steadily, hoping to find some clue of where Louie was.

They found nothing.

By midnight everyone felt discouraged and exhausted. An hour before then, they had set up a small camp and eaten something, the children had fallen immediately after, entering a restless sleep even with the knowledge of the adults protecting them.

The three of them remained in an awkward silence until it was time to call Della's group, the truth was, no one had spoken much all day.

When Della confirmed there was no news, everyone seemed to deflate even further. Donald couldn't recall feeling worse ever before.

Launchpad had offered to do the first watch, but Donald knew he couldn't sleep anytime soon, he had too much on his mind, he had been on autopilot since he discovered that Louie was missing, and now he needed to process everything.

He sent the pilot and his uncle to sleep, promising to wake Launchpad in a few hours for the next shift, and was left alone thinking in front of the bare fire they had managed to turn on.

Donald sighed, his head still couldn't understand how things had gotten to that point.

When he was a child his life was calm and happy, he had his parents and his twin and they lived quietly, with occasional visits to his cousins and uncles. Their grandmother's farm was the craziest adventure with which he dared to dream.

Then they met Scrooge.

Their relationship started a little tense, but he took them on their first adventure and suddenly everything was difficult and dangerous and totally awesome, he had never had so much fun and found something other than music in which he was good at. He was excited about the idea of traveling sometimes with his uncle and his sister into the unknown.

When his parents died and they were sent to stay permanently with Scrooge, adventure became his life. It was the only thing that seemed to keep the twins together and happy so Scrooge made the most of it, taking them to places he could only dream of, finding treasures and solving mysteries like no one has ever seen before.

Even with all the fun and family bonding, Donald began to notice a pattern where his uncle and his twin threw themselves into the unknown without thinking, leaving him to fix their disasters. It wasn't the best, but it was their routine and, when he grew up, he began to have his own adventures, away from his family and only him to draw his own limits and goals, everything was perfect.

Until Della told him that she was going to be a mom.

He didn't know that he could care for children that were not born yet, they were not even his! But they were his nephews and he already loved them in a way he didn't know was possible.

Suddenly the adventures took a backseat, he bought a small boat to be able to go out with the kids, and he began to learn everything he could about children. He did not have much money to buy things for them, he had never been particularly interested in it, but that's what Scrooge was for,

they will be his great-nephews, even that old curmudgeon couldn't deny them anything.

So everything was even more perfect than before, with three boys on the way and everything ready for them. They would live in a mansion, with a large family full of adventurers who would welcome them happily, Donald himself could not contain his excitement, Della even joked saying that he was more excited than she was.

And it seemed that it was true, because then the spear of Selene happened and his sister got lost in space, leaving her family in pieces, her brother desolated and three motherless ducklings.

So, with almost no savings and with a broken heart, Donald was left alone with three ducklings who were not yet born and who, without knowing it, had lost much more than they could ever understand.

The next ten years were tough, but the kids always managed to keep him with a warm heart. They gave him a reason to smile and keep fighting, even when everything seemed against him, things would be fine as long as he could keep his boys healthy, happy and secure, they were his home, and all that mattered to him.

Then they met Scrooge.

And as much as it hurt, he stepped aside and let his children live the life they always should have had, full of riches and adventure, a large and caring family that loved them just as they were.

It took time, but his trust in Scrooge began to return, he understood how much he also suffered when Della got lost and he trusted that he would not make the same mistakes again.

He also trusted his boys, they had proven that they were capable and responsible, and as long as the three of them were together, everything would be fine.

So Donald resigned himself to being the boring uncle, standing aside while his boys saw everything the world had for them, with Scrooge and him protecting them they would have nothing to fear.

Then Della came back.

Everything was like a hurricane, Della was always like that, changing everything in her way without caring how things were before.

But it was okay, because that hurricane was a part of himself, and he had missed her enormously. After all, changes used to be for the better. So he gladly received her, he did not blame her at all, he had cried for her for ten years, now it seemed useless to be bitter. She was back and his family was complete again and everything was great.

Scrooge and Della would continue to take the children on adventures and he would stay on the sidelines, he no longer belonged to the adventures, now he only had to wait for the return of his energetic family with hot chocolate and first aid, while he watched as the ducklings that he had cared for from the beginning of their lives began to grow, he could not be more proud.

And then Louie got lost.

And Donald could see that it was not only Della's fault. He had been so happy to have her back that he never thought to argue, he just rushed things back to the way they were between them.

He had been upset and fighting with the world for ten years, he didn't want any more, he just

wanted to accept the gift that life gave him, giving back his sister and taking things easy for once.

That had been his mistake, he never really talked to her sister about everything that happened in her absence, he never made sure she understood the impact of her actions and how they affected the people around her, he never told her that if she wanted to be a mother, she had to change some of her most dangerous attitudes in order to not put her family in danger again, he had assumed that ten years of loneliness on the moon had done that for him.

But it had not been like that, his sister had not changed almost anything in those years and he had not wanted to see it, he had been overconfident and gave his ducklings to his sister without thinking twice.

Not that he had a choice, after all he spent his sister's first month on earth lost on an island, and the children were hers, not his. As much as it hurt, Della had rights over the children, even if it wasn't her who had raised them.

But now one of her ducklings was lost and alone and it wasn't just Della's fault, it was also his. He shouldn't have left them alone, he shouldn't have settled for waiting for them at home so that his pessimism and bad luck wouldn't catch up to them, he should have made sure that his sister was ready for the responsibility of taking care of three ducklings.

She was not. And now Louie, his little and sensitive Louie was lost and he could only pray that his duckling was strong and resisted, no matter how difficult it was.

The problem would not only be the jungle, he trusted that his nephew could handle it, after all in his short life he had survived worse things, no, the jungle would not be the problem, the problem would be his own mind.

Because Donald knew him, and knew the feeling of being in the shadows and in silence while others talked, it gives a lot of time and space to think, and the mind is not always kind. It can, without any censorship, rub your worst flaws in your face and tell you to give up. That was the most dangerous thing, Louie could be alone, without food or a map and nothing to protect himself, but as long as he had motivation, he could survive.

But if his nephew let his mind win over and surrendered, he would never resist the jungle.

Donald wished he had talked to Louie after the fortune house problem. There, his nephew told him that he had never seen him give up, that he always kept going even if things were difficult, that he had never had the good sense to quit before. He should have explained that it wasn't that simple. That moving on sometimes means putting other things aside and that even when he never stopped, it didn't mean he hadn't thought about it.

Because surrendering was tempting, it was simpler than fighting. By surrendering you could not fail anymore, continuing to fight was more difficult, but he always had reasons to continue, to persist, he just hoped that Louie would find one and cling to it with tooth and nails until he managed to get out of that jungle and back to his family.

Donald couldn't talk to Louie right now, but he could vow to him from a distance that he wasn't going to give up until he found him.

It was a promise.

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By the third day Scrooge was about to lose his mind.

The trip had not been successful at all, they were moving slowly and they still didn't have the slightest clue of where Louie could be.

Besides, the damn silence was going to kill him.

No one spoke. The children had remained silent, with their heads lowered without saying a word, not even among themselves. Launchpad had not said much either, at times he would take one of the children and hold them for a while, so they wouldn't get more tired than necessary, especially Huey, who hadn't rested in days.

The rest of the conversations had been limited to small instructions and occasional "thanks" when the situation called for it. He never thought he could miss so much the excited comments from the kids, the silly questions from his pilot or Donald's angry squawks.

Donald. That was what bothered him the most. His nephew hadn't yelled at him yet, he wasn't deliberately ignoring him, he didn't even seem upset, just tired, that was worrying.

Because Scrooge knew his nephew, he knew that Donald used to have his heart on his sleeve and a strong, explosive temper, that he hadn't raged yet was a bad sign.

But he was Scrooge McDuck and he wasn't known for sitting around waiting for things to happen, so if Donald wanted to yell at him, he might as well do it now, he had better things to worry about than the eventual outburst from his nephew.

So, he waited for the night, when the kids and Launchpad were asleep and went over to his nephew (who had taken the first watch again) and lied in wait for the screams.

But nothing happened, Donald didn't even look at him, he just stared into the void with that sad look that he was beginning to hate.

Well then, he would start.

"Donald I... I, I'm sorry" Scrooge sighed. This should not be so difficult, but at least now his nephew was looking at him "this is all my fault, I ruined it again".

Donald blinked in surprise "what do you mean?"

"Everything lad, I incited Della to come to this stupid jungle without thinking about the children or anything, I should never have made them come alone, now Louie is lost and it's my fault, I'm really sorry".

Donald sighed, he looked more defeated and tired than Scrooge had ever seen him. He didn't seem upset, he looked completely miserable, so he decided to give him his time to respond. He had almost given up when his nephew finally spoke.

"I'm sorry Uncle Scrooge".

Well, that was not what he expected "Why lad? This is my fault".

"No, it's not"

"But lad..."

"No, listen to me" Donald began to run his hands over his head, frustrated "None of this is your fault and... and the spear of Selene was not either" Scrooge felt his throat close, they hadn't talked

about it in years "I'm sorry I made you think it was just your fault".

"I sent it to be built".

"Yes, but you did not push Della to it, you did not force her to go or forget about her responsibilities, she got on by herself, she decided to ignore all the risks, that was not your fault".

"I just, I think it was easier to be upset with you than with her. She was lost, probably dead, and it no longer made sense to bother being upset with her, I could have yelled at her all I wanted or have ignored her, but nothing would have changed, I would never have received an answer, I could not bear it and I took it out on you, I kept you away from the children and it was not fair, I'm sorry".

"And this trip? You had nothing to do with it. If it hadn't happened here it would have been anywhere, it was a matter of time before Della did something irresponsible. I should have known and been more attentive, I should never have allowed her to go alone with the children on an expedition, I should have been a better uncle, everything it's my fault" Donald looked so bad, so broken, Scrooge wasn't going to take it.

"Don't talk nonsense lad, this is not your fault and, besides, you are a wonderful parent and you have given everything for those children, they are intelligent, strong and clever because you raised them like that, I am sure that Louie is fine and that he will resist until we find him".

"Thank you Uncle Scrooge" and Donald did something surprising, he hugged him and that made him feel better than he had felt in days "thanks to you nephew" they stayed like that for a while, enjoying the silence and calm of the jungle until Scrooge spoke again.

"We should think of a plan B, we are not going anywhere".

Donald sighed and took out the map "I also was thinking that. We haven't made much progress and we have used a lot of time, I was hoping that Louie was close, but he wasn't, and I think it's time to call in reinforcements".

"You read my mind".

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"What do you mean blocked!?"

Huey had been sleeping when the angry screams of his great-uncle woke him up, he looked around confused, Webby and Launchpad looked as perplexed as him, while Donald was holding Scrooge so that he would not destroy the poor satellite phone.

"Yes sir, I am sorry, but your board of directors alleges that your irresponsibility has exceeded the limits and that you have probably lost your mind, so they have blocked all your accounts and the bin until a court evaluates the situation" the voice of Duckworth was heard as calmly as always through the phone "I cannot access any of your fortune, what you ask me is impossible".

Even in the dark Huey could see that Scrooge was red with anger. This was a disaster, without money, no one could come to help them and they would never find his brother, the odds were against them.

"I am not going to let a herd of old vultures tell me what I can or cannot do, use the money you find in the mansion, in the other bin, under the furniture, in fact, sell the damn furniture if necessary, do what is needed, but buy a jet, more phones and send everyone who can help right away!"

"Yes sir".

And that was it, Huey suddenly remembered that his family was like that, the odds had never mattered to them before and this time would not be the exception, for the first time in days he allowed himself to hope again, with all his family and friends there was no way for them not to find Louie, everything would be fine.

feelings

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody!

yesterday, in honor of the day of the book, late (and my birthday) I finished this chapter, yey!

I am very very happy to hear all your comments, I love reading them, they are the best

Thanks to Stella for reviewing the chapters!

enjoy!

Chapter 8: feelings

Della never thought she would miss the moon.

She loved her family, her kids, Duckburg, the food. She loved being back, but she didn't think that doing so would be so difficult.

On the moon, her only concern was to return to earth. She spent her days rebuilding the Spear of Selene, or looking for gold. She never took a break because she had to go back to her boys.

Now she was back, and it was great, but it also showed her that she wasn't ready for a lot of things.

When she was young and went with her brother to live with Scrooge, adventures became her life, it was all that mattered, she never worried about money, laws or responsibilities, she was free. She learned to be a pilot to be able to venture further, and she had no other ambitions than to continue discovering the world and living adventures forever.

Then she got pregnant.

And yes, it was unexpected; but it was just another adventure, besides she was Della Duck, nothing could stop her.

But as the days passed and her ducklings were getting closer and closer to hatch, her excitement began to mix with the terror of not being ready at all to be a mother. Because, apparently, being a mother involved much more than having the ducklings and loving them, she had many responsibilities that she had never considered and that would impact and define the future of her children. There was health insurance, legal stuff, paperwork, schools, nutrition, healthcare, and much more that made her feel overwhelmed, dizzy, and totally terrified.

Donald told her not to worry, that as long as she loved them, everything would be fine and the rest they would solve along the way, together.

But it was not that easy, one thing was the love she had for her children and another thing was showing them that love in the way that each of them needed. She didn't know how to do that, she wasn't good at listening or talking about feelings, neither was she good at thinking before speaking, she was an adventurer, she jumped into action and acted according to what life threw at her. If something went wrong, she would always have her twin backing her up.

But with children, with triplets, it would not be enough. Children are sensitive, she could easily

screw things up without noticing until it was too late, when one of her children yelled at her that he hated her from jail or something.

She only went to the extremes, she imagined herself as the best or worst mom in the world, there was no point in the middle, and she was terrified of how easy it was to go from one point to the other.

Giving her kids the stars seemed like a good idea back then. She could give them something that no one else had, and show them that despite their fear and failures, she was willing to go to those extremes for them.

It ended up being a bad idea.

It looked like she could go to the extreme of taking an experimental rocket and launching into space, but she didn't have the ability to stay still, on the ground, with them. The adventures were in her blood, it was her way to be, being a mother seemed not to fit in any of that.

Staying on the moon was terrifying, it threw all her flaws in her face and made her face her mistakes, only this time, she was alone.

Neither his brother nor his uncle could fix her mess.

Well, except that Donald actually did.

Perhaps her twin didn't find her on the moon, and he didn't repair her ship, but he did take care of her ducklings in a way that she could only dream of.

Maybe her children were born far from the luxuries of a mansion, far from the adventures, the magic and the treasures, but they always had what every child should have: a warm and loving home.

Of course they also would have had it in the mansion! She would have loved them forever, but Donald taught them things that she deeply admired without realizing, things that she seemed unable to give them.

Maybe her brother was a bit overprotective and boring at times, but he was also kind, compassionate and empathetic, and knew how to give three totally different ducklings the love and attention each one of them needed.

Also Donald was good at admitting his mistakes. Even if he never noticed his lack of musical talent, his brother knew how to ask for forgiveness and seek help when he needed it. He, unlike her, never assumed that he had to do everything on his own, even though he was prideful and sometimes stubborn, he knew that he was not perfect and that others could help him, yet he always gave his best.

And while her brother was raising her children, educating them, listening to them, and spending quality time with them, she was on the moon, alone, trying to get home.

The problem with being on the moon is that she always was in a state of survival. Her only concern was to get out of that place, she didn't have time to think about everything she had lost, she would have gone crazy.

So she worked day and night, resting only when her body couldn't take it anymore. There was no time nor energy for emotions or deep thoughts, she only focused on what awaited her on earth: her uncle, her brother and her little ones, Jet, Turbo and Rebel.

Her first weeks back on earth were the same, she just wanted to show her children that she already loved them and that she would be the best mom in the world.

But god, it was difficult.

She had imagined many times the adventures she could have with her children, the places she would take them to and the treasures they could find. She never thought about normal days, simple hobbies or discipline, or the responsibility of caring for three ducklings. She had assumed Donald had already taken care of that, they weren't babies anymore.

But they were still children, she had a lot to learn from them. They were not only her children, not only adventurers, they weren't even Jet, Turbo and Rebel, they were Huey, Dewey and Louie, three kids who were still growing, who were incredibly capable, but they still had their fears and insecurities, and they still depended on an adult to keep growing in the right direction, each in their own beautiful and complicated way.

And when Donald arrived, everything was somehow worse. She loved her brother with all her heart, but being with him not only showed her how much she didn't know yet, but also allowed her, for the first time in ten years, to go out of survival mode and begin to assimilate everything that she had lived and everything she had missed.

At last she began to live her grief, sadness, and anger, everything that she didn't allow herself to feel before came to her suddenly. But she still had to be a mother. She still had to make up for lost time and repair the damage she had done, so she lived her days normally, full of energy and joy for her children and then, at night, everything dropped around her, leaving her to try to assimilate every little thing that happened in those ten years and what it meant to her, not as a mother or sister, but as a person, as Della.

There were things that were more difficult to analyze, such as her lack of sense of responsibility, what she wanted to do with her life, what she wanted from adventure, and even whether or not she wanted to be a mother.

But all that was too complicated, too deep, and she didn't see meaning in thinking about it too much. Doesn't matter if she didn't have a sense of responsibility, because life, one way or another, would throw the consequences in her face. Doesn't matter what she wanted to do with her life, because fate would end up taking her wherever it wanted. The adventures were easy and exciting, she didn't need any more reason. And it doesn't matter if she wanted or not to be a mother, or even if she knew what it meant to be one, she already had three kids, she already was one, that wasn't going to change.

She didn't want to think about those things. Despite everything she loved her life, ten years on the moon had made her appreciate everything much more, she just wanted to be happy with the life she had, she didn't want to complain, and she didn't want to be alone again. Even if it felt like a part of her was still on the moon at times. And even if she lived in fear of one day waking up and realizing that she never came home.

So, all she could do was make the most of every second, live her life to the fullest, go on adventures, play games, eat, and be with those she loved most before she lost them again.

Unfortunately, in her desire to live her life to the fullest, she had let many things pass. She had not completely understood her children, she did not know them in depth, she knew them as a relative, not as a parent who had raised them all her life and who knows them better than they do. She also didn't know about responsibility or real discipline, she only knew how to go to extremes, sometimes she wasn't even good at support.

The worst thing is that she never realized it at the time, it was always in the worst moment, she tried to do things her way and ruined everything, no wonder why she didn't know her own children.

Even Dewey, who was so similar to her and at the same time so different. The boy looked a lot like how she imagined Turbo been: energetic, adventurous, outgoing and dreamy. It was easy to connect with him, the little one was so excited to see her that he had jumped into her arms without thinking twice, just as she would have done. She knew how to act with him, because he was very similar to her and he only wanted to meet her, he didn't ask for anything more.

But it was obvious that she still didn't know him well. Right now her son walked as if condemned to death, in a way that reminded her of herself many years ago, when she was still a child.

Because of her, Donald had hurt himself, and he very, very reluctantly agreed to be carried by Uncle Scrooge, while she walked behind, her head bowed in regret.

Now her son looked the same, sad and guilty, but she was not sure how to cheer him up or what to say to make him feel better, it seemed that anything would only make the situation worse, if that was possible.

Surely Donald would know what to do.

She had left her youngest son alone in the jungle, she had lost him, her rush to get things done had made her abandon her son, again.

He was never going to forgive her and there was no reason why he should. Their relationship was not as good as the one she had with his brothers, they had had very tense moments and, if it was difficult for her to understand Dewey sometimes, with Louie it was impossible.

Try as she might, Louie was very difficult to understand. He had very contradictory aspects. While Dewey was like her, and Huey was like Donald and Fethry, Louie had traits of Gladstone, Donald, Scrooge and even Goldie. The boy was a mystery to her, introverted, quiet and clever, very different from her.

That didn't stop her from loving him.

She loved her three kids very much, but she did not know if it was the love that a mother felt or not. She could not tell, she just would like to know if her eyes show the same brightness as Donald's when he sees them.

They were definitely his children, much more than hers.

But that didn't matter, not now anyway, the important thing was to find Louie. Her doubts, her fears and insecurities, her tiredness, none of that would intervene in her way to find her son.

She had already spoken to Scrooge and knew that despite the difficulties, her family and friends were preparing to travel, to venture into the jungle and find the duckling she had lost.

Now, just like on the moon, she could only keep moving forward, fighting and resisting until the end, and she only prayed, to whoever was listening, that her son could do the same.

Even if he will never forgive her.

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Huey felt guilty.

For something more than the obvious reason of having forgotten his little brother in the jungle.

It was because of his other little brother.

He had sent Dewey with their mother. And that should be normal, he knew that Dewey loved her and loved being with her, but he also knew, deep in his heart, that he did it more for himself than for his brother.

All logic said it should be the other way around, every little reason told him that he should have gone with his mother and Dewey with Uncle Donald.

Each member brings something different to a team, it is something basic and necessary for it to work, the important thing was balance. On his mother's team, Beakley was the muscle and strategic thinking, with a cool head and ability to work under pressure, Della was good with survival, she was agile, resilient and had an enviable adventurous spirit.

In that team there was no lack of an energetic and fearless adventurer, there was a lack of someone who knew about navigation, the jungle and its plants and with a more objective and data-based mentality, not another energetic and intrepid adventurer.

His Uncle Donald's team already had good adventurers, with a lot of knowledge about survival and navigation, they didn't need him.

But Huey wanted to be with his uncle.

Because with his brother lost and the unstable and unknown terrain, he felt more insecure and lost than ever. He could not follow a map, because he did not know where he was going, nor did he know when they would find his brother or if they would find him, there was too much uncertainty and that terrified him.

And he loved his mother and Beakley and trusted them, really, but that wasn't enough now.

He was lost, insecure and on the verge of collapse, he felt bad and he was afraid, he needed a ground wire and that was what his uncle was for.

Uncle Donald had always known how to reassure him. He understood his anger, his outbursts, his overprotective instincts and his panic. His uncle had always managed to keep him calm, at peace, and comfortable, even when everything felt too much.

And it was working. Actually being with his uncle made him calmer, they had stuck to a strategy, they followed a clear path, and the adults were always worrying about him and Webby, and that made him feel safe and focused, as much as the situation allowed it.

But guilt was going to kill him.

He chose out of selfishness, he didn't think about the mission or Dewey, he only thought about himself.

The regret was drowning him, making his steps even more difficult and it wasn't allowing him to think clearly, he knew that it was best to talk about it with someone before it drowned him, but he did not know with whom.

His Uncle Donald always listened to him, but now he was under a lot of pressure and he didn't want to upset him. Besides, he couldn't bear to see the disappointment in his eyes.

Scrooge and Launchpad were great, but none of them seemed to be what he would call good about feelings, they weren't going to help.

That left Webby.

He wanted to talk to her, because he didn't understand why she chose his team or why she looked so angry with Dewey and not with him.

Now they were walking through the jungle, following their way east, their uncles were in front, leading the way and Launchpad was guarding the rear, they had enough room to speak.

He plucked up his courage, took a deep breath and approached the girl he considered his sister.

"Hey Webby, I, um... wanted to talk to you". He shouldn't be so nervous, she was his sister, they had never had problems talking before.

"Oh sure Huey. What's wrong?" well starting off, she seemed... wrong, she looked down and defeated, Webby shouldn't look like that.

"I need to talk to someone. I feel guilty and ashamed and I've been like this for days and I can't take it anymore".

"About Louie?"

"No, Dewey." Webby looked at him in surprise, he couldn't blame her.

So he explained everything, how he had decided to go with his uncle for comfort, how he knew that he would contribute much more in the other group, and how if something happened to Dewey because of that, he could never forgive himself.

"And I feel so selfish. I have always known that my job is to take care of my brothers. I am the oldest, it's my responsibility, but I put that aside and I feel terrible" he finished. Webby had not commented, she had hardly looked at him, now he was afraid made her mad at him.

"I know I can't tell you how to feel, that you can't avoid your feelings, but you shouldn't feel like that". Huey looked at her in surprise, she still didn't look at him, playing with her hands nervously "You always take care of your brothers and you're the responsible one, but that's not fair, you can't be that all the time, you shouldn't have to be, it's okay to choose for yourself sometimes, you deserve it". Then she looked at him, she appeared tired, sad and exhausted, but she had a small smile on her face, something that hadn't happened in days. It filled him with a strange feeling of warmth.

Huey thought about it for a bit. Webby might be right, but it was hard to believe. He always took care of his brothers, avoided fights, cooked and tried to keep them out of trouble, because he loved them and wanted to keep them safe.

Despite his doubts, it felt good to be able to talk to someone and be heard. The last few days had been very tense and complicated, but Webby reminded him that, regardless of everything, he was still with his family, who loved him and would always give him support.

"Thanks, Webby. I still feel guilty, but I feel a little calmer" he smiled back at her, God, he missed smiling. "Do you want to tell me what is bothering you? I mean, aside from the obvious".

She looked down again, she seemed tense. "I've been angry with Dewey for days and I couldn't quite understand why I was upset with just him, but I think you already helped me solve it":

"I really like Della, she's great, but I never considered her a responsible person, I'm upset with her for leaving Louie, but not disappointed".

"And about you? That was what I could not solve, I always trust you as the one responsible, and I cannot deny that I am a little disappointed, but I cannot be upset with you, because you are always responsible, you are always attentive to everyone and you try to help by taking charge of responsibilities that should not be yours, you are a child, it is not fair".

"But Dewey, I don't know, it's complicated. I love him and I love his adventurous spirit, his energy and spontaneity, but he always throws himself into things without thinking and I think I'm upset with him for not caring about things, and I'm afraid that any day he could go even further and we would lose him".

"I know that he loves Louie, and that he never wanted to lose him, I also know that it was not his fault, that he is also a child and was not the responsible adult, and that it is unfair and cruel to blame him, but I'm still upset with him".

"And also, Louie is his brother and Della's son, if they forgot him, what prevents them from forgetting me one day?"

"Oh Webby". It really hurt Huey to see Webby like that, so sad and insecure. "You are our honorary sister, we love you very much, never doubt it". He put a hand on her shoulder so that she could look at him "But I don't think this has to do with love. That we left Louie was an accident, nobody wanted to leave him behind".

"I know!" She cried out angrily. "But it seems like it has something to do with it. Louie has never gotten along very well with Della, they don't connect well yet and now she forgot him in the jungle, and it feels so bad and unfair and I don't know how to stop feeling so wrong".

"I think you should follow your own advice Webby, you said it yourself, you can't change your feelings, so I think the best thing is that you let them be. Feel them, live them and then let them go slowly. It won't be easy, but I think we can all recover from this". She smiled at him again, still hurt and insecure, but she looked better.

"Do you really think we can find Louie in time?"

"Honestly, I don't know. It's hard for me to believe it, I've always relied on facts, on statistics, but being with this family has shown me that nothing is impossible, and with the help that is on the way, well, I think so, that we are going to find him". She hugged him and he gladly accepted, the consolation and affection felt good after so many days, now they just had to move on.

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Dewey hated every step he took.

He felt bad, tired, uncomfortable, very sore, and terribly guilty.

While they waited for their friends to arrive, they continued to advance, following their way west, to one of the most unknown sectors of the jungle.

The road was dense, the plants impeded their passage, the constant drizzle towards the most difficult path made it difficult to see, and their feet sank into the mud with each step.

He was very tired and everything ached. His arms were covered in scratches and his legs hurt terribly, his feet felt swollen and uncomfortable. He had tried to remove his boots the night before

and he couldn't, surely that was a bad sign.

But he had worse problems at the time. He had never had such a tense ride, Beakley was in the front, trying to lead the way, he in the center and his mother in the back, quieter and more absent than ever.

He would love to know what was on her mind. Or better not, maybe that would only add more to the burden he already felt on himself.

Their adventures had never been like this. His mother always showed how great she was, breaking boundaries and making him laugh while he struggled to impress her and keep up with her.

He wanted to show her that he could be Turbo and that her effort to come back was worth it.

Maybe that was his mistake, he tried so hard to resist and be the best adventurer, that he did not measure his limits, he had tired himself beyond what he could, and did not even notice when they lost his little brother.

He no longer knew what to do, he did not know how to fix things, and the people he had always trusted to make things better, were far from him.

His uncle, Huey, Louie and himself had been a team all their lives, surviving in their small but warm home, the place where he always felt safe, but maybe too safe. Arriving at the mansion was like a breath of fresh air, enlarging his family exponentially, even recovering his mother, he could not be more grateful. But sometimes, he missed how simple everything was before, in a home where he never had to try too hard to stand out.

His Uncle Donald always struggled to keep a job and support them, but within his possibilities, he always paid attention to him and his siblings, sometimes clumping them too much, but he assumed that being a single parent of triplets did that.

In his house boat he was the adventurer, the crazy and energetic Duck brother. His uncle and Huey would keep him safe and take care of his wounds, while Louie watched with disguised amazement his exploits and would hug him when he was injured.

In the mansion it was different. They were all good adventurers like him, fearless and daring, but more cunning and intelligent than him.

So, he had tried harder to be the best adventurer and to follow in the footsteps of his great predecessors like Scrooge and Della.

But he did not know how to measure himself, he could never do it before and now he was paying too high a price. Not only was his brother lost, but he could see his family sinking and grinding in front of his eyes, while he could not do anything about it.

And with Louie lost and his uncle and Huey miles away, he felt more alone and lost than ever.

He just wanted to go home.

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Louie was confused.

One second he was walking through the jungle, insulting the damn plants and looking for a place to camp and the next he was hanging upside down.

He had come a long way in the days that had passed, he was now in totally unexplored terrain, there should be no traps.

And even the trap was strange. It made him a small wound when it caught him and he felt some blood run down his side, but it was not a deep cut, and he was not very high from the ground either, maybe a meter.

The trap was not made to hold him long, he could try to cut the vine that had him hanging from his ankle with his knife.

No, wait.

If he did, surely the branch would not withstand the impact, it was already very weakened and would probably fall on him, leaving him trapped.

In a deeper analysis he could notice two things:

First, there was a stake a few meters away that held the vines, if he cut it from there, the impact to the branch would probably be less and he would have a few seconds to come out.

Second, the slash was intentional, that little stick that had cut him was set on purpose.

That was very very bad, it could be poisoned or perhaps the blood attracted predators. At that time of the day the jaguars began to come out and he was there, like an open bar dish, ready to be served.

When he felt some branches move to his left, he knew he was right.

A Safe Place

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody
so it's been a while ...
I'm really sorry, this chapter was especially complicated for me and also between studies and that I have been a little sick, time got a little out of hand
but hey, here is the chapter, I hope you enjoy it and leave your comments if you still remembered this poor story and thank you very much for all the comments and support.
as always I want to thank Stell3745 who takes the time to correct this story

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 9: A safe place

Donald was impressed.

He didn't even know how, but Duckworth had managed to gather an impressive group of people and sent them into the jungle in record time.

Moreover, they were all organized and ready. He was not sure how many people came in total, but he was sure that Daisy and Gyro were there. They were in the same village where they had arrived, acting as a command center, checking the positions of the satellite phones and indicating the best routes to follow.

He knew that Lena and Violet came with their parents, Drake Mallard with his daughter, their cousins Fethry and Gladstone, Panchito, José, Goldie, Goldie!? And some other friends, all of them were organized in groups, walking through the jungle with their assigned satellite phones and supplies (food and water) for several days.

Fenton and Boyd were also hovering over the area, focusing on the places where there was not so much vegetation and mainly rivers, so they had more visibility.

Duckworth had excelled, especially considering the difficulties his uncle's damn board of directors was putting up.

Those vultures (name never better set) were always hovering around his uncle, waiting for a mistake, an excuse, anything that they could point to, to take him away from his family and adventures.

Donald felt his blood boil just thinking about them, he had never considered them a real threat, they were just annoying, not a real obstacle to his uncle. But now, oh now they had messed with one of the children, with HIS boy and that he was not going to allow, as soon as he returned to Duckburg he would personally take care of giving those stupid flying rats a piece of his mind.

"Uncle Donald?"

Donald turned and saw two pairs of worried glowing eyes staring at him, damn, surely he was lost in his thoughts, again

That had been happening to him a lot lately. It was the only way to keep, more or less, his emotions at bay. Although it was increasingly difficult to stay focused and calm, he knew that anger was not going to help him find Louie.

But it would feel so good to just knock some trees into splinters.

Then he saw those little ducklings looking at him and all his anger left, leaving a feeling of fatigue throughout his body and a strong feeling of resignation. He could not lose his calm in front of his children, that is why he started with anger management therapy in the first place, to never scare or hurt his little ones.

"I'm sorry kids, were you talking to me?"

"You had been muttering something for a while", Huey looked so nervous that he felt his heart break a little. Huey always stressed easily, but he also always had his brothers by his side, anchoring him to the ground and allowing him to calm down. Now he was alone and insecure and it was not only because Louie was lost, but also because Dewey was far away.

Dewey, it had been days without seeing his kid and that hurt him. In general, when they contacted the other group, Dewey spoke little to nothing. It seemed that, like Huey and Webby, his energy and joy was extinguished when they lost Louie.

The adults were the same. Launchpad seemed quiet and uncomfortable, as if he didn't know where he belonged in all this chaos, and Beakley had gone into spy mode, putting all her emotions aside, just focusing on his mission. Even Scrooge and Della seemed to have lost all their vitality and sense of adventure, as if every second they spent in that jungle took away a part of them.

He wondered what he was losing himself.

That is why it was so important to get Louie back, not only because of how much they loved him, but because they needed him, they needed to fix the mistake they had made and regain Huey's calm, Dewey's contagious energy, Webby's bright smile, and the confidence of the grown ups. They needed him to put their family back together, to be complete again.

"It's all good guys", he gently guided them with his arms to keep moving forward. "Come on, we have to get to a good place to camp before it gets dark".

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He had to act fast.

Louie didn't know what was behind the branches, but it had stayed still, watching him, he had to be quick and get free.

He grabbed the dagger from his pocket and tried to relax, he only had one shot. Gathering all his strength he threw it towards the stake that held the ropes, not to cut them, but to move it.

The dagger hit the stake and that destabilized it, causing it to move and release the ropes, making him fall to the ground with a strong blow. He did not have time to recover from the impact, before having to roll to the side to avoid the large branch that fell, which would have caught him. He took his dagger and was about to start running when he heard a voice behind him.

"You know? Most people would have panicked and tried to cut the strings", Louie turned slowly, where before there was nothing but plants now there was a group of 8 people, all adults, although of different ages and of different species of birds.

Some were much taller than an average duck, their feathers ranging from brown to deep green, with some touches of black or red, with long beaks, thin as herons, or large and compact as parrots, they were different from any birds he had seen before.

They also wore strange clothes. Some seemed to be made of a light and thin cloth, others had arrangements with feathers, seeds or leaves, which they countered with the bows or spears of dark wood and stones that everyone carried.

He must have stayed a good couple of minutes just watching, because when he became aware, he noticed that the birds were staring at him, expectantly, as if waiting for something, Louie suddenly remembered that they had asked him a question.

"If I had cut the rope, the branch would have fallen on me in a second", he spoke in a low voice, his throat felt dry and he didn't really know how to act. Should he run?, shout?, hug them? He was not sure what protocol to follow when a child who has been alone for several days in a jungle, encounters a potentially hostile unknown tribe.

A man, the eldest, who seemed to lead the group, smiled. "Observer. Not bad for a kid". Louie smiled back, somehow more at ease at the compliment. "If I may ask, what does a small duck like you do alone in this place?", that made him tense again. How could he explain it? And what if those people decided to kill him or use him as a sacrifice? He had nothing against them, but at least half the people he met in the last couple of years have tried to kill him at least once.

It seemed that they could notice his nervousness. With a simple gesture of his hand the chief made all his companions sit down and lower their weapons. "My name is Krí-kā, I lead this small group to inspect the area and collect supplies. What is your name?".

Having them at their height definitely made them less threatening. "Louie", he answered.

"Well, hello Louie, do you want to tell us where you are from?", the group showed him warm and patient smiles, they didn't seem so bad anymore.

"I am from Duckburg". Seeing their faces of doubt he decided to clarify, "a small town in Calisota, United States. I, well, my family and I came on a trip to this jungle and I was left behind". He expected to see more confusion or hurt in their eyes, but he only saw a kind of cold anger that made him shudder, "I'm not sure how many days I've been here, at least five, I think, and you are the first people I see".

Oh god, he suddenly realized, these were people, natives, who knew the place and could help him. Suddenly relief flooded him in waves and made him start sobbing. "I have no idea where I am or if someone is looking for me. But I'm really very happy to see you, I... I...", he began to fully cry. He felt totally overwhelmed, as if a lot of emotions were suddenly hitting him and he did not even know how to feel, he didn't notice when Kri- kā walked over to him and put a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"You have been through a lot, why don't you accompany us to our village? It is already dark and there we can talk calmly and give you something to eat". Louie dried his tears and nodded.

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The village was much bigger than Louie had imagined. It was beside a small river and had a clear count, a campfire and some tents, although it seemed that all the houses were on the trees, connected by small bridges.

There were also many people. Birds of all colors and sizes, cooking, playing, or just chatting. It seemed like a happy, warm and safe place, Louie could have started to cry again.

The group that brought him dissolved as soon as they reached the village, but Krí-kä stayed by his side and guided him to the campfire, where a group of young people seemed to be cooking, they offered him a plate and he didn't have to think twice, he began to eat as if there was no tomorrow.

"Hey, slow down, you'll choke. The food will not go anywhere", Kri-ka laughed softly and offered him a bowl of water. Louie smiled gratefully, he'd never been so thirsty.

They were silent for a moment. While Louie enjoyed the food, he analyzed the man next to him. He was about 50 years old, tall and strong, with dark brown feathers, some with shades of red on his head. He wore a skirt made of a kind of white cloth, and a necklace with seeds and red feathers around his neck. In addition, he held a spear even taller than him. He seemed strong and experienced, he reminded him of some former Marines that his uncle had introduced to them many years ago.

When he finished eating, he felt much calmer, so it was time to ask some questions. "Well, thanks for the food and for bringing me here, but where are we? Who are you exactly?", he was pretty sure there wasn't supposed to be such a village in the middle of the jungle, it seemed very advanced, surely if Huey had known of its existence he would have told him.

"Wait a little boy, my companions went to look for our chiefs so they know you and can determine how to help you return home, then I will tell you everything", Kri-ka had just finished talking and an elderly couple approached him.

The man had brown and black feathers, he was short, but stocky, and just like Krí-kä wore only a simple skirt and a feathered necklace, but complemented his outfit with a richly carved cane that had glittering rocks and traces of gold. He looked wise and intimidating, Louie couldn't help but shrink into himself a little.

The woman beside him was a little bit taller, with bright green feathers and a two-piece outfit with woven lianas and feathers, she also wore a necklace and a cane with seeds and wood. She looked as wise and old as the man, but she had a warm smile and an air of comforting calm.

As soon as Krí-kä saw them, he got up and made a small bow, "Louie, they are Näin and Malan, the chiefs of this village".

The elders sat next to them in front of the fire. "It is nice to meet you Louie, I am Malan and he is my husband Näin, welcome to the Nikugé village", the woman smiled at him calmly, but Louie felt as if they had hit him. The Nikugé? Weren't they the monsters his brother told him about? Whose name literally meant demon?

Supposedly, that was the town of bloodthirsty, cunning and ruthless assassins who slaughtered their enemies like nothing, but they didn't seem like it. The whole place felt safe and quiet, he had seen children playing and people having fun in peace, no one seemed a threat.

Sure, it could just be a sham, a ruse to make him trust them. But for what? He was just a child, unarmed, scared and lost, he was not a threat to anyone. If they wanted to kill him they could have done it already.

Also, it's not like he had many options other than trusting them, they were the first sign of civilization he had seen in days. He couldn't get fussy.

The adults noticed his indecision, but none seemed offended. This time it was the man who spoke, "I assume you have heard stories about us". Louie nodded, unsure. "I do not blame you for being scared duckling, I would too if I was in your position. But I assure you that we do not want to hurt you, you can stay here as long as you want and judge for yourself".

"Thank you sir, but I, um, would like to try to go home. Maybe if I can get to a place with a phone signal or something I can contact my family".

"I am very sorry little one", said the woman with pity in her eyes, "the next village is several days away and a strong storm is approaching. The path would be very dangerous now, but when it ends, I promise that a group of us will help you return home".

Louie thought for a moment. Even if he really wanted to leave immediately, he knew that it would be crazy. If the inhabitants of the jungle did not dare to make the trip, he would never survive.

Besides, he was tired, he felt bad and he wanted to rest. Maybe spending a few days with them would not be so bad after all.

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That night was a quiet one, Krí-kä offered him a space in his house, where he lived with only his wife, and as soon as his head touched the small pillow, Louie fell asleep.

When he woke up, it was already lunchtime. Krí-kä brought him some fruit and sat next to him while he ate.

"I guess it's time to solve your doubts". Louie looked at him, curious. "Let's start with the basics, what do you know about us?"

Louie thought about it for a second. He really didn't know many details and he certainly didn't want to offend these people who were helping him, so he tried to be as vague as possible. "Not much, my brother is the one who knows about these things. I just know that, when settlers came to this land, this tribe was very aggressive and managed to keep them away, but the other tribes were frightened of you, so you stepped aside and hid more deeply in the jungle".

"Well, that's a fairly summarized version of what happened", the man looked at him with a knowing smile, as if he knew what he was doing, Louie just shrugged. "Okay, the truth is that it was so many years ago that nobody knows exactly how it was, but what we do know is that this event broke our relationship with the rest of the world forever".

"It is said that, many years ago, all the tribes of this jungle worked together, subsisting together, sharing and learning from each other, but always maintaining their space, because each one had its beliefs and customs. Living together despite that was a sample of the cooperation, tolerance and empathy that they all sought to protect, they were a family".

"When the settlers arrived, most of them did not consider them a problem, they seemed nice and polite. Despite the communication gaps, they had inventions that had never been seen in these lands, they showed the tribes all the wacky things they had brought and enchanted everyone with their stories of a whole new world across the sea".

"But our tribe never trusted them, a lot of men traveled for months at sea, leaving their family and home behind just out of curiosity? It was suspicious to say the least, so our tribe refused to share

our knowledge and friendship with them. We stood on the sidelines, watching".

"We saw how foreigners seemed a little too curious in our land, in the earth and its riches, and how they did not respect our beliefs and customs. They questioned our gods and called us ignorant, they believed they knew everything and just wanted to change things, but we didn't want to, our tribe liked the way things were and we weren't going to let strangers intervene. But everyone else did, so we had no choice but to get away a bit and let them be".

"Time passed, and for a second, the tribe thought that they may be wrong and that the outsiders weren't so bad ... until they found the gold".

"Suddenly their greed consumed everything. What was on the surface was not enough for them. Where we occasionally drew it from, they wanted it all. Not only did they start cutting down the trees and hurting the earth, but they also wanted us to do it too. They wanted to make us do it for them, they thought that we were their slaves by the will of some king who believed himself to be god."

"No tribe was going to allow that, so a terrible war started to drive out the strangers, but it wasn't working. There were so many deaths... they had better weapons and more experience in battle".

"Our tribe had remained on the sidelines, but our Eteba, our brothers asked us for help and we decided to accept. Those outsiders were going to destroy everything if we did not do something".

"The problem was that we never thought of fighting directly with them. Arrows and stones against guns and swords? It didn't make sense, we didn't want a "fair" fight that would only lead to our loss. The whole objective of this tribe was to protect their own, everyone, that meant no injuries, no deaths, and no one was left behind, no matter the cost".

"So a strategic attack was decided. In the shadows, we used the jungle to our advantage, working with its resources and its knowledge, thus achieving to eliminate a lot of outsiders and scare away the rest without any victim from our people's side".

"We were proud. We fulfilled our objective with intelligence and cunning, but the others didn't like our ways, they only respected the fights face to face, even if they had no chance of winning. They didn't care about the deaths if they were with "honor", they wanted things only in their own way, they called us demons and disowned us, so our people, offended, left and found a new home".

"That's our story, or the one we know at least". Louie had been silently listening the whole time. What was he supposed to say? I am sorry? I understand?

"Why did they stay with the name?". Yes, good starting point.

The older man smiled at him "Why not?"

"Well, no offense, but that makes you seem more like villains".

"You know Louie? If our people learned anything from all this, it is that a villain is only a villain from the hero's point of view". Louie thought for a moment, that phrase had much sense that it hurt. "Many times people do not understand your reasons, your way of being, but you cannot change because of that, and even less change their opinion, you can only cling to who you are and respect that, what others think of you cannot define you", Krí-kä smiled at him warmly "take your time to analyze the story, you don't have to be on our side, do you have any other questions?"

Louie looked at him thoughtfully, "yeah... how the hell do you speak English?", the man started laughing, "seriously, it's weird".

“Well, one of our beliefs is that knowing your enemy is the best way to confront him. Over the years some foreigners have come to the jungle and we have studied their languages. You had ‘American’ written on your face, so we assumed that you spoke english”.

"What do you mean by that?", Krí-kä got up and ruffled his hair in a way that reminded him of his Uncle Scrooge.

"Don't worry about it. Now come, I have to help prepare the village for the storm and you need clean clothes, you stink".

"Hey!".

Chapter End Notes

Well the story is moving along, the next chapter is quite advanced, if there is support and if you want I can publish it the other week,

Before you go, I want to tell you that @Stell3745 (the friend who check this story) posted her first Ducktales story! It's called "The 12 Days, 12 Steps Infallible Plan" and I think it's a very interesting story with a lot of potential, you should read it and give her your support.

don't forget to leave comments!

see you soon

Chapter 10: There's more than one type of storm

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone

well, it's been a while

The short version is that I felt very bad, but I waited for the university exams to finish to go to the doctor and it turns out that I almost died and had to be hospitalized for almost a month.

So, between illness, fear and lack of enthusiasm, it cost me a lot to write this chapter, thank God for Stell3745 who reviewed this chapter and helped make it look much better

Also, I wanted to thank you all for your incredible comments and LW97 who wrote some very nice stories and gave them to me as a gift, all those little details made me very happy at this time and encouraged me to continue.

I hope you enjoy the chapter and continue leaving comments

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 10: There's more than one type of storm

It was an exhausting week.

Louie wouldn't complain though, finding the village was the best thing that had happened to him in days, because he was no longer hungry or constantly afraid of wild animals, he was safe.

On the downside, he had to work hard. The villagers welcomed him openly, teaching him valuable and useful tips that were necessary to live in that environment, like how to look for edible plants and clean them, or how to light a fire and build protections for the rain. Yes, it was a lot of work, much more than he was used to doing, but he did not have many options, he could not risk being thrown out of the village, especially with the imminent threat of the storm.

At first, storm warnings were almost unnoticeable, such as small changes in the behavior of some animals and insects or the increased humidity, but as the days passed, the other signs that the villagers had noticed something became evident: the animals were looking for tall terrain, snakes appeared at any hour, and the wind became stronger, making it feel cold even in the warm jungle atmosphere.

Everyone said it was going to be a very big, wild storm, but the town was almost used to it, due to having already experienced many, so they built their houses high and learned how to protect themselves against this kind of disaster. It was very hard work, but the whole village was helping somehow. Thus, a few days after nature started to show signs, almost everything was ready.

Louie also had found his way to help, no matter how much experience and knowledge the villagers had, they still listened to his ideas, let him have an opinion, and let him show what he knew. Perhaps he did not know as much as Huey nor was he as strong or bold like Dewey and Webby, but he had been on many adventures and had lived his entire childhood in a little boat at the mercy of the currents, so he had some input. And they listened!

In addition, it was known that he was lazy, what not everyone realizes is that this way of being allowed him to find the quickest or easiest ways to do complicated tasks, something that the inhabitants of the village knew how to take advantage of.

In that, they were like him. Observers, listeners, individuals that looked for alternatives and better results. They understood him in a way that he only thought Goldie could, and that made him feel useful and special, all the work that week was worth it for that feeling.

Even so, it felt strange to be away from his family, especially his siblings. He was used to Huey's orders, Dewey's madness and Webby's contagious joy. He missed their flights and just having them around, he only hoped they missed him too and soon they could be back together.

On the other hand, he also knew the danger that was coming, he knew that the storm would be brutal and dangerous, that's why a part of him prayed that his family were not in the jungle, because if what the villagers predicted about the storm was true, there would be no way that everyone survived that. He could never forgive himself if something happened because they were seeking him out.

Still, there was that smaller, selfish, and fearful part of him that cowardly clung to the wish that his family were in the jungle looking for him, showing that they cared.

He really didn't know which scenario scared him the most.

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Donald hadn't felt so stupid in a long time.

His bad luck had put him to the test several times and more than once he was distracted, but growing up with an impulsive sister, mortal adventures, and his time in the navy, had made him a little more aware and attentive to details, then having three children, now four, had done the rest.

These days it was difficult to catch him off guard, especially in a hostile environment like an unfamiliar jungle, but he was distracted thinking too much about his boys and the worst possible scenarios, that he did not notice his surroundings and he missed all the signals.

If it weren't for Gyro -still too late, but much earlier than anyone else-, he would not have seen the signs of a heavy storm (or rather some villagers told Gyro about it, given his apparent resistance to going in search of refuge like the rest of the locals, or something like that Gyro had muttered when he contacted them, Donald preferred not to ask).

At that moment he looked around and heard the noise of the insects and saw the brown clouds too close. The storm was evident, but in a group full of experienced adventurers, spies, sorcerers, scientists and others, no one had noticed it.

They had no time to complain, once he made sure that all groups were aware of the situation, Scrooge began to lead a fast way to a safer place, all the time grumbling under his breath.

Donald had the impression that he felt as foolish as he did.

The storm was approaching fast and it was going to be strong. Launchpad picked up the children and followed Scrooge, with Donald in the rear, they began to run through the branches carelessly, entangling and cutting themselves with the plants in their path.

They were climbing some trees when the heavy rain began and a raging wind almost knocked them off the tree. By the time everyone was up and settled in, they were exhausted, soaked and with

their clothes full of cuts.

Donald checked the children, they seemed smaller with their feathers wet and little eyes wide with adrenaline, but they were ok. Now they just had to snuggle together and wait for the storm to pass.

And pray that everyone else was safe too.

OoOoOo

Della was angry.

She did not know how she had missed so many signs, the storm was evident and she had not noticed it and. Along with the horrible feeling of clumsiness that filled her, came a wave of anger towards herself and towards the universe, which seemed not to want to let her reach her son.

Maybe it didn't want her to find him, maybe it was her punishment for her carelessness and reckless attitude. She had already lost her son once, when she was stranded on the moon, and what did she achieve when she got home? In less than two years she lost him again and, just like before, it was only her fault.

Maybe she would never find Louie, maybe that would be her penance, to spend the rest of her life looking for her son, away from her family, not allowed to be forgiven, and remembering her mistakes like a lost soul, trapped in a world that only would contemplate her suffering.

Her only hope was that, for once, the universe, the gods, or whoever was in charge of everything had some mercy for her brother. All his life they had beaten him and thrown him down, but he still kept getting up with that damn heart of gold and unbreakable will. Maybe she deserved to lose Louie, but Donald didn't, if there was any kindness or justice in the world, Don shouldn't lose his son.

Unfortunately, she reminded herself, the world often did not seem to be kind, or fair, or compassionate, cemeteries are full of tears for those who left before their time.

Maybe Louie would join that list.

"Della!"

Beakley's furious cry came like a bucket of cold water, and she barely managed to avoid the branch that fell on her head. She had to concentrate. They had to find shelter, fast, the rain had come with incredible force and a wind that destroyed everything in its path, they would not survive long in the open.

The problem is that they were very close to the river, so the terrain was very low and unstable, which hindered their movements. Beakley took the lead then, using her own hands to push her way through the vegetation and out of danger.

She took Dewey in her arms, letting his head rest on her shoulder. Her son seemed tired and weak, and was already completely soaked, so he would not be able to go very far, it was safer to carry him.

They had not advanced more than a few meters when her son let out a terrified scream that almost left her deaf, she barely managed to turn around to see the rush of water that was approaching, before it began to drag them away.

She tried, she really tried to keep Dewey in her arms, but the current was very strong and the water

was full of branches and rocks that hit them from all sides, inevitably she ended up releasing him.

"NO, Dewey!" The water quickly separated them and the current struggled to sink them, but she couldn't lose him too, she had to find him. She was Della Duck! She couldn't give up, even when she lost track of her duckling and the current hit her hard, she had to keep going!

Beakley was ahead, trying unsuccessfully to grab something to get them out of there, but all the branches gave way quickly so they wouldn't last long. Della didn't mind getting out of the water though, she wanted -she needed- to find Dewey, she couldn't fail again, not like this, she couldn't lose him.

"Mom!" For a second Della felt her soul return to her body, her son's cry was weak, but she managed to locate him several meters away. She began to swim hard, desperate to reach him, to put him to safety, but no matter how hard she fought, the current was too powerful, and before she could do anything, Dewey sank anew.

And he didn't come again.

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Long ago, Beakley had learned to not get too involved.

As an agent, she had learned that things could always go wrong, that collateral damage existed, and that no war was won without losing a bit.

That is why it was better to put her feelings aside, turn them off and go into agent mode, to be prepared to continue even when everything seems to be lost, that had made her a great spy, a professional.

Until Webby appeared.

Despite her training and having lived the first years of her life with two surly and distant adults, that girl was the complete opposite: cheerful, friendly and happy.

With Webby in her life, Beakley could do nothing to detach herself, even in the simplest adventures, a part of her would be worried about that girl who had stolen her heart from the first moment she saw her.

With the arrival of Donald and the boys, things for her professionalism as a spy had only gotten worse. She had met Donald years ago, when he was still a rebellious and apathetic duckling, seeing him now, older, more mature, affectionate and with three children, had been a pleasant surprise, and seeing the effect of the boys on her granddaughter, making her even happier and more self-confident, was a gift she could never afford. So there was nothing that could make her accept the loss of one of the members of the team -let alone one of the kids-, as simple collateral damage, she had to do something, risk everything to save one of their own.

And besides, she had made a promise.

She knew Donald wouldn't let her down, and she wouldn't let him down either, she wouldn't allow it, that was her family, crazy and big and unstable, but her family after all. So when she saw Dewey sink into the water and Della's impossible struggle to get to him, she forgot her plan to find a way out of the river and jumped in search of the little duck.

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When the storm finally arrived, Louie took refuge in Krí-kä's house with his family. The wind was whipping the small house with force, but they were certain that it would resist.

The days he had spent working with the villagers were good, they allowed him to have something to focus on, learn new things and relax, but when the job was done, he didn't have much to do but think, and that was dangerous.

Because, while the first days of his stay were filled with feelings of fear, sadness or self-loathing, the last days allowed him to analyze the situation from other angles and he totally hated what he discovered.

He had tried to be better; he had really tried: he had left Louie inc., he hadn't made plans to get rich, he had done everything carefully, Louie's Eleven took weeks of preparation, just to make sure that there was not even one mistake, any chance to screw things up again, yet he still had failed, he couldn't see all the angles and his brother had to go and save him.

Thank god Della wasn't there to see him.

But at least he had tried, hadn't he? He had struggled, suppressed his impulses, made less sarcastic comments, stayed away from Goldie, and from everything related to schemes and money, and yet his family abandoned him? How was that fair?

His uncle Donald had always tried to encourage him not to give up and work hard, that it would lead him to success, but he could never believe him. His uncle worked harder than anyone, and what was his reward? Living on a small boat taking care of three naughty children who weren't even his, and totally alone, that didn't seem fair.

His uncle always told him that money was not the only important thing, although it always seemed to be the only thing missing that would solve any problem. Louie always thought that if he had money, everything would be easier, better

Maybe Donald had a point. Now they had a lot of money -it was not his, but they were never hungry or cold and they could travel and see unique places-, but he was not happier. All that adventure and wealth had only taken him away from his family, had shown their differences and made him doubt things that he always took for granted.

Like his place in the family.

Like the love of his brothers.

Now, all his doubts seemed consolidated, he did not belong in their family, they did not want him with them, and they were better off without him.

And for a long time he had been afraid of that, that is, if his doubts were real, but now he was sure, and that fear did not give way to sadness, or despair, not even the emptiness of emotions that he expected, it gave way to anger, a lot of anger.

He was furious.

How dared they to leave him alone? To abandon him!? What happened to all that speech of the family and the adventure and the union? Was it worth nothing? Was he not worth it? What did he have to do to be part of his own family? To belong?

And why did he have to change who he was? The family was supposed to accept and celebrate differences, maybe he was better off without them too.

He didn't want to take part in any more life-threatening adventures, he didn't want to spend days searching for treasures he couldn't have, he didn't want to have enemies, he didn't want to hear any more ethics or hard work sermons from hypocrites, and he didn't want to get lost in the shadows of his own brothers.

Maybe he'd really be better off without them.

And maybe, if he could resist the pain in his chest at the thought of walking away from them, he might find a better place for him, where he does belong, where they do appreciate him. And where the love he still felt for his brothers, for his uncle, for everyone, could remain only as a memory.

Now, here in Krí-kä's house, the family did everything possible to distract him, they told him stories, they showed him their games, and they included him in their conversations.

Now, even if it was for just a second, Louie managed to feel at home.

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Chapter End Notes

remember, reviews are love <3

End Notes

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Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!